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INSURANCE.

See Page 648.

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No. 38.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6d.

STAIRCASE CHAT WITH MISS JANETTE STEER.

There is a tale of two Russian prisoners who spent four years in arranging a plan of escape from a fortress. They only exchanged one word a day, since they met but for a second in every twenty-four hours, when they passed one another in the exercise yard. The tale came to my mind in my effort to interview Miss Steer. If you wish to have an unsatisfactory conversation with a lady, let it take place during the rehearsal of a play that she is producing, in which she is taking the principal part. It becomes a game of cross-questions and crooked answers, sometimes cross-answers as well. The rehearsal was in the saloon, for the carpenters occupied the stage.

"I don't know where to take you," she said, smiling, yet looking as if she would like to take me to a well and push me down; "everything is higgledy-piggledy and upside down. You see, we are working against time, because after a lot of labour spent in rehearsing 'The March of Fate' Sir William Young said that the play needed partially rewriting, so we had to begin 'An American Bride,' and how it's to be done in the time, goodness knows. But we can't stand here talking on the staircase. Where shall—oh, I know! Come in here. It's locked. Would you kindly get me the key?" she said to a boy who was passing.

It seemed like a chat at a ball, only she had a pretty emerald-green bonnet, a heavy black velvet jacket, with huge puffed sleeves and shoulder capes of black lace, and a skirt of black satin, with five graduated bands on it, and she would hardly wear such a costume at a ball, though she looked charming in it.

"Oh!" she said, "excuse me just one moment," leaving me hastily, and running into the saloon.

In three minutes she came back, and as she opened the saloon door I heard several sentences beginning, "What the—Who the—Why the—" in gruff man's voice, and I fancy they referred to me.

"Why did I go on the stage? Stage-struck, I suppose. My friends opposed it. I wonder that I persisted, for I was in the awful burning down of the Exeter theatre, and my people thought I would give up the stage after that. Oh, it was fearful, and, strange to say, I had a kind of presentiment. I was playing the Gypsy Queen, and I felt certain that I should never get through the part, and then the alarm was given, and I walked straight out of the theatre. But some of my friends for a while fancied I was among the poor 188 who never got out alive.

"What was my start? Well, you know Mr. W. S. Gilbert's theory of two ways of making progress in the profession: one, to begin at the bottom and crawl up; the other, to begin at the top and slide down. I adopted the latter course. My sister and I took the Opéra Comique

and produced 'A Fool's Revenge.' Mr. Hermann Vezin played the chief part. I was wise enough to learn something from the otherwise unfortunate experiment. Off I went to the provinces, and for several years have gone through England, Scotland, and Ireland, playing leads in 'Marie Stuart,' 'Lady Clare,' &c. Last year, as you know, I produced 'An American Bride' at the Lyric. I consider it was a success. The play began at two and lasted till nearly half-past six, and very few people left before it was over."

"That certainly was evidence of success," I answered. "And—"

"Please, marm, they can't find the key, and Mr. Smith, who knows where it is, is gone to his lunch, and no one knows where he goes; but he'll be back soon."

"Oh, please don't trouble about me! I like sitting on stairs, and they really are such comfortable stairs—far more comfortable than the seats at some theatres."

"Do I suffer from stagefright? Why, I'm positively ill for days beforehand; even now the thought of Wednesday makes me shudder, and I do not grow any better. On 'first nights' I see nothing. I just go through it all as if in a trance—luckily, I don't forget my words; they come easily. Do you know that last year Mr. Wyndham wired to me one evening to ask if I could take Miss Olga Nethersole's heavy part in 'A Silent Battle' next night? I didn't get the book till next day at eleven, but I was letter-perfect by the evening, to Mr. Wyndham's great surprise. Afterwards, I played Miss Emery's part, and then I went touring with Mr. Wyndham as leading lady in 'The Fringe of Society.'

"In which country are the audiences the warmest? Well, I like Scotland. Nowhere have I seen such demonstrative houses as in Edinburgh and Glasgow."

"Have you read Mr. Archer's 'Masks and Faces,' or the 'Paradoxe' of Diderot, and what is your opinion?"

"You mean, do I feel the part I act? Certainly; I couldn't play a bit if I didn't. I really have to hold myself in, or sometimes I should really cry on the stage, and that wouldn't do at all. It's very well to have tears

in your eyes—better still in your voice—but they mustn't fall down the cheeks. However, I never dare black my eyes, for fear of lachrymose accidents. Moreover, if the black does get in the eyes it hurts. I somehow feel a part all through the run of a piece. Still, I never so far identify myself with the character as not to see everything that is going on around me."

About this time messages came so frequently and urgently from the saloon that I began to fear that the indignant company might come out in a body and assist me downstairs, so I got up and stretched my somewhat cramped limbs, and Miss Steer said good-bye to me in the tone of voice that people adopt when bidding farewell to the sheriff's officer after he has been paid off.

E. F.-S.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS JANETTE STEER.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.



"A GAIETY GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Once upon a time there was a wealthy, goody-goody Guardsman, a captain, too, and he loved a young lady named Alma Somerset with a devotion which his aunt, Lady Virginia, deemed worthy of a better cause. Miss Alma was one of the "extra ladies" at the Gaiety—a theatre where they have no chorus girls—and so was distinctly ineligible; moreover, Lady Virginia thought that marriage in such a case would be a work of supererogation. The "ineligible," who, presumably, was born in '54, when half the female children were christened after the famous battle, knew "how many beans make five," as the poet said, and soon worked up the Captain to proposal heat.

Unfortunately, the Captain, like all first-class saints, had a past in the dainty shape of Lady Virginia's maid, Mina, to whom he had written love-letters and promised marriage without in the least intending to wed her, and also without getting anything out of his tricks, except his head in a noose. Mina, when she found herself jilted for a Gaiety girl, whom she did not deem a pin's point better than herself in the social hierarchy, resolved to put a spoke in Alma's wheel, and so bring her to woe. Circumstances favoured her: Lady Virginia came down to Captain Charley's barracks one afternoon with the Chaplain of the 9th Life Guards, who, to use her phrase, was as attentive to her as if she had been his church.

Lady Virginia was a lively, husband-hunting widow, who in society acted as a professional chaperon. She, like Alma, could count beans correctly, but once during her husband's life had made a miscalculation, and he had petitioned for a divorce. He did not get it; still, when the case came on for trial it was adjourned for further evidence, and before it was heard again he got both decree nisi and absolute by death. In her case the great question was as to the ownership of a diamond comb found at the "co.'s" rooms. The judge who tried her case had come that afternoon to the barracks; into the bargain there was Miss Alma, with whom were three lady friends.

Lady Virginia had come down with the diamond comb in her hair, from which we can form the judgment never pronounced by the Court, and was horribly afraid that the judge would recognise her, and that the tale of her only public performance might come to the



SCENE FROM "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

Chaplain's ears. Mina was smart enough to take the comb out of her mistress's hair, and—but I must not go too fast.

The afternoon went off pretty well, though it was not uneventful. The Chaplain was caught "carrying on" with the Gaiety girls; he had not enjoyed himself so much since he went to Paris on the Church Congress, so he said, but Lady Virginia failed to see the fun of it. His pretty daughter Rose flirted famously with an unauthorised sweetheart; the Captain made sentimental love to Alma, and, in fact, every Jack had his Jill to coo and bill. After a while they got up a sort of impromptu entertainment, and the judge told injudicious judicial anecdotes: the second was about the diamond comb. Lady Virginia was on thorns, or rather comb-teeth, in fear of discovery. Mina seized the moment and the comb, and put it into Alma's pocket, and when it was discovered declared that the Gaiety Girl had stolen it. Tableau!

After this there was no prosecution, since there was no evidence; but Alma vanished despite the Captain's tender desire to wed her notwithstanding the accusation, and with her vanished the story of the play, for nothing really happens till just before the curtain, when the truth comes out and the true lovers are reunited; the Divorce Court judge was confident he would meet her again in another place.

It may be a feeble story, and it is clumsily told; still, for all that, "A Gaiety Girl" bids fair to succeed. The stage is constantly filled with pretty girls, the prettiest of whom is Miss Maud Hobson as the heroine, who by her beauty atones for her singing, and really shows much aptitude for acting. There are some capital songs: one is a stirring military ballad, with words by Mr. Henry Hamilton, about "Tommy Atkins," which we shall all hear often again; Mr. Harry Monkhouse has a comical ballad of "Tommy on the Chute" that will rush to the piano-organs; Miss Juliette Nesville sings delightfully a dainty ditty, "C'est ainsi que cela se passe"; and there are dances, duets, comic songs, and choruses, all with clever, catchy music by Mr. S. Jones and neatly-written rhymes by Mr. Harry Greenbank. The dialogue of Mr. "Owen Hall," though sadly diffuse, is very smart at times; it is said to be full of shocking second meanings; but, of course, a virtuous journalist cannot give his character away by admitting that he understood or even noticed them. The dresses are many of them delightful; the daring *costumes de bain* seem taken from drawings that we have already seen in *The Sketch*. With such a cast as you can see "under the clock" a good performance was a certainty, and it is difficult to apportion praise duly among Mdlles Nesville, Decima Moore, and Lottie Venne, and MM. H. Monkhouse, H. Coffin, Fred Kaye, and Eric Lewis.

MISS MAUD HOBSON.

THE GAIETY GIRL.

"Come into the Green Room; we can chat better there," said Miss Maud Hobson, as she led me from the stage of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where I had waylaid her with a peremptory demand for an interview.

The chosen impersonator of the heroine of "A Gaiety Girl" is a beautiful young woman, of commanding figure, and probably no more typical representative of the part could have been found.

"I made my first appearance at the Gaiety some years ago, when the Theatre of the 'Sacred Lamp' belonged to my uncle, John Hollingshead. It was in 'The Forty Thieves,' when Terry and Royce, Nellie Farren, Connie Gilchrist, and Kate Vaughan were the Gaiety favourites. But after a year I left the stage, and married Captain W. B. Hayley, of the 11th Hussars. My husband retired from the Army, and we went to live in the Sandwich Islands, where Captain Hayley became Vice-Chamberlain to King Kalakua and I was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen."

"How did you like that experience?" I asked.

"Immensely," was Miss Hobson's reply. "My life in the Sandwich Islands was simply delightful. I was there five or six years. I wore the native costume, lived on the native dishes, such as dog baked under the ground, raw fish, and *poi*—a sort of paste eaten with the fingers out of a calabash—and rode astride on horseback."

"Why, you must almost have imagined yourself again in the second act of a Gaiety burlesque—the palace courtyard on a tropical island?"

"Well, it was not altogether unlike," she said.

"But tell me about your native dress."

"It was a sort of Mother Hubbard costume, with wreaths of flowers round the neck and head. Everybody wears floral adornments there."

"And you rode astride?"

"Yes, in a costume called a *pahu*, consisting of a velvet cape to the waist, and twelve yards of coloured calico wound round the legs, Of course, also, I had garlands of flowers twined about me."

"What a sensation you would make in the Row in such a costume, and what an advertisement for the 'Gaiety Girl'! But what brought you back to London and the stage?"

"We all come back to our early loves. I came back to the Gaiety under George Edwardes's management, and appeared in 'Faust up to Date.'

Then I played parts of a few lines in 'Carmen up to Date' and 'Cinder-Ellen,' and when 'In Town' was produced at the Prince of Wales's and transferred to the Gaiety I played Maud Montressor, and understudied Lord Clanside, playing that part for a short time when Phyllis Broughton was away."

"I remember you acted very well in a little first piece here," I said.

"Basil Hood's 'Auld Lang Syne'; yes, and I also played the wife in Richard Henry's 'Queer Street' at the Gaiety."

"As a matter of fact, then, Miss Hobson, Alma Somerset in 'A Gaiety Girl' is the first important part you have ever been cast for?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Hobson; "and I only hope I shall be able to make something of it. It is quite a sentimental part, especially in the second act. I feel almost as if I were going to play an Adelphi heroine."

"Are you one of those who objected to wear bathing costume in the Riviera act?"

"I wonder who could have put that absurd story about?" said Miss Hobson, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Mr. Crummles," I suggested. "But now tell me, Miss Hobson, have



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS MAUD HOBSON.

you any views on stage-door worshippers, diamond bracelets, and all the other luxuries which the unsophisticated public mind associates with the Gaiety girls?"

"If you look up a certain back number of *Truth*," said Miss Hobson, "you will find my views fully and emphatically stated in a letter to Mr. Labouchere. A good letter it was, too."

"But that was for a public print, in answer to some unsympathetic remarks. I want you to whisper in my private ear—is the life of a Gaiety girl all roses and champagne?"

"My dear Sir," said Miss Hobson, rising to her full height, which is magnificent, "a Gaiety girl is a woman, and life is a lovely thing, whether one be wreathed in flowers in the Sandwich Islands or bowing from the stage of a London theatre in response to the plaudits of an appreciative public, or even submissively answering the questions of a *Sketch* interviewer. Gaiety girls conscientiously do the work they have to do, and as conscientiously enjoy themselves whenever they can. I don't think a bishop's wife could do more than that."

"Principals for the second act!" cried the call-boy.

"There, I must say good-bye. I hope you know all about a Gaiety girl now," said Miss Hobson, with a winning smile.

"Yes; many thanks, and to know her is to l—"

But a detestable little door just then slammed between us, and she was gone.

M. C. S.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The coal struggle has entered on its twelfth week. Over 70,000 men have now returned to work at the old wages, while 130,000 are still on strike. The meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday was a great success. Speeches were made from twelve platforms, 100,000 people being present.

Mr. Tom Mann says the skilled workers of London number half a million. Under what is termed good trade, one and a-half per cent. are out of work, but at the present time no less than seven per cent. are in this predicament. Unskilled labourers are much worse off, for at the present moment sixteen per cent. have no work, or more than five times the usual number. Carmen, he says, taking one example, are working thirty-six hours a week more than the forty-eight hour limit. If that were altered, 22,000 additional carmen would be required.

The Earl of Elgin is the new Viceroy of India. He comes of a family that has distinguished itself in the annals of diplomacy. It was his grandfather to whom the nation is indebted for the famous Elgin marbles, while his father, after serving as Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in two special missions to the Emperor of China, closed his career as Viceroy of India. Lord Elgin is forty-four years old.

The case of the Fellowship of Free Porters is a pathetic one. The Fellowship dates from the thirteenth century, and for nearly five hundred years had the monopoly of discharging grain from boats coming up the Thames. A century ago it numbered 2500, and during the period 1826-52 the penny which had to be paid on every shilling earned amounted to £81,059.

But the occupation of the porters was gone when the docks were made and metage abolished in 1872, and since then the members have languished, quite overlooked by the "Rulers" of the Fellowship, a body of men regularly chosen. A crisis was reached when the starving survivors shut themselves up in the offices of the Fellowship on Sept. 20, and stayed there until last week, when they were ejected by the police; but they have won their case, for the Rulers have agreed to give them a payment of ten shillings to each porter.

Anniversary commemorations are the feature of the hour. Wednesday was observed by the Congregational Union of England and Wales as the tercentenary of the martyrdoms of 1593, while Monday was the centenary of the deaths of Marie Antoinette and John Hunter, which are dealt with at length in the present issue.

The Russian fleet is not to monopolise the congratulations of the Mediterranean, for the British fleet there, on its visit to Taranto and other Italian ports, will receive a warm, if unostentatious, welcome, for Sir Michael Culme-Seymour has had to remind the Italians that the Navy is still in mourning for the loss of the Victoria.

The Volunteer force seems to have reached a stationary point. Last year the number of efficient was 217,302. This is more than 4000 less than it was in 1887, when the highest number was reached. The Infantry figured last year at 170,000, the Artillery at 43,000, the Engineers at 15,000, the Medical Staff Corps at 1500, while the Mounted Infantry is somewhat over that.

The misery caused by Jabez Balfour is not at an end, for the Official Receiver has decided to make an early call on the shareholders of the House and Land Investment Trust.

Lord Charles Beresford is always delightfully buoyant. His remarks on the necessity for the British youth finding an outlet for his energy was characteristic. Some young men devoted themselves to the whisky bottle, and, in consequence, instead of being cheerful, were to be seen with eyes like poached eggs, and feeling in the morning as if their head were full of sparrows.

It was a pity that Lord Charles was away from home when the burglars broke into his house at Ham Common on Thursday, because he might have been able to exercise his athletic powers on the intruders. As it was, they got off, one of them crashing, in the manner of screaming farce, through a glass verandah, while the butler fired five shots after the retreating figure in vain.

The Brighton Railway Company have arranged to continue the daily double service between London and Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, the whole year round, instead of discontinuing for the winter months as heretofore. The route from Dieppe is through the charming scenery of Normandy to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.

No dramatist takes his craft with such intense seriousness as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. He lectured at the City of London College on Thursday on "The Relations of the Drama to Education," although he prefaced his remarks, not unwisely, by saying that a visit to many West-End theatres would convince one that our modern drama had no necessary connection with education.

One of the things he said, which will astonish some people, was his statement that the boldest, the strongest, and most terrible naturalism was to be found, not in Zola, but in Dante. Zola, he holds, is not nearly so direct and poignant as Dante, though in the latter we are always sheltered from the more frightful physical reality of the suffering by its spiritual significance and by the beauty and loftiness of the language.

Probably the largest audience that ever listened to a scientific lecture in this country was that, numbering 5000, which went on Thursday evening to hear Sir Robert Ball on "Other Worlds," delivered under the Gilchrist Educational Trust in the East of London.

The Duchess of York on Saturday accompanied her mother, who laid the foundation-stone of the new Christ Church at Kew, Richmond. It has been designed by Sir Arthur Bloomfield.

It is one of the stock situations in a music-hall song to make a woman elope with "the lodger." But it sometimes happens in real life, as was shown in the Thames Police Court on Friday, when an old man complained that his wife, a young woman of six-and-twenty, had run away with her lodger, taking the furniture and bedding with her.

The youths of Aberdeen have long been notorious for their ill-bred manners, but few of them can have had such a career as the young Aberdonian of fourteen who found himself in the Marylebone Police Court on Saturday. This young Jack Sheppard hired a bicycle in the Granite City and rode to Perth with it. There he sold it for £2, and with the proceeds came on to London. At Guernsey he got fourteen days' imprisonment and a birching for hotel thefts, and he had stolen a bag from a train, and lived in a Euston Road hotel, from which he tried to abscond without paying his bill. The young hopeful has been sent to prison for ten days, after which he will spend four years on board a reformatory ship.

Greenwich Workhouse is being visited by an extraordinary epidemic not unlike cholera, upwards of 200 inmates being affected. Eight deaths have occurred.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite.
She wrote in it: "If this glass full,
Farewell, then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

The young gentleman to whom appertains the "glass of flashing crystal," the theme of the German ballad so spiritedly translated by Longfellow, came of age on Wednesday. Sir Richard George Musgrave is not only the owner of the ancient painted drinking cup, which, tradition says, came to his ancestors from the fairies, but he is the master of Edenhall, a picturesque estate on the west bank of the beautiful river Eden, situate some four or five miles from Penrith, in the wild county of Cumberland. The young Baronet is the head of a warlike and historic house, who have been known as "mighty men in battle" from the times of the Norman Conqueror, from a follower of whom they are descended. The head of the house in the days of the Martyr King, Sir Philip Musgrave, fought hard for the royal cause at Marston Moor, at Carlisle, at Worcester, and under that heroic woman the Countess of Derby in the Isle of Man. He was made a peer at the Restoration; but the patent was never taken out. The Luck of Edenhall, whose fate is supposed to be interwoven with the fortunes of the old Border family, is composed of very thin glass, and is ornamented with curious coloured devices. It holds about a pint, and, though its real history is lost in the mists of centuries, it was probably once a chalice, for the letters I.H.S. are on its ancient leather case. It once had a narrow escape when in the hands of that harebrained nobleman, the Duke of Wharton; but it is said to have been dexterously "fielded" by the family butler, who caught it in a napkin as the Duke let it fall. The present baronet has been absent from England for a considerable time on the "grand tour," which in these days extends to Australia, South America, and many another distant country, whose existence was unknown to the first owners of the Luck of Edenhall.

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TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



SWANSTON

MISS ARCHER.

"AN AMERICAN BRIDE."

There is in "An American Bride" the curious result of a cutting-down process. Originally it was a work of enormous length; then it was recklessly, clumsily shortened. The consequence is that the details are

quite out of proportion to the central features. Part of the third and half of the last act are taken up with a piece of financial scheming, which has absolutely no effect on the play. An elaborate plot by a Stock Exchange transaction to rob the heroine is started and thwarted by some friends of hers, and she never even hears of it till after it has failed. The hero, I fancy, is never informed of it at all. On the other hand, the really pertinent parts of the play are merely indicated.

For three acts the authors are engaged in developing a position much like one that occurs in "The Ironmaster." The once jilted heroine, believing that her heart is dead, has, by means of her great wealth, married a penniless peer, who is deeply in love with her. The ceremony is just over; a haughty

lady who wished to wed the penniless peer has, out of wish for revenge, contrived a meeting between the heroine and the man she once loved, so, as the curtain falls, we find the husband of a quarter of an hour's standing pulling his wife out of the arms of another man, in whose embrace she seemed more than merely comfortable. It takes three acts to bring about this situation, which should have occurred at the end of the first, and led to two acts or more of study of the husband and wife ere the inevitable "happy ever after" came. The authors have left themselves but one. What happens is comically inadequate. The heroine has an attack of brain fever, her husband nurses her devotedly, two-thirds of the act is spent on other peoples' business, and we wind up by learning that the husband's qualities as nurse have won the love of his wife, when the scheming of Lady Hilda once more brings the other man to her side.

The whole company seemed dispirited by the play. Miss Janette Steer acted gracefully and intelligently, but with a sort of listless moderation that gave way only once or twice to outbursts of passion which showed genuine power. As if to suit her style, such able actors as Messrs. Herbert Waring and Murray Carson played stagey parts unstagily, and so by their absolute merits were relatively tame and colourless. It certainly is no use applying modern methods to lifeless parts, and the three players proved it strongly. Mr. Fred Kerr was lively and pleasing as an irreverent young man with a very pretty sweetheart, whose part was charmingly played by Miss Day Forde.

"LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

Once upon a time there was a man who wrote the libretto of a "musical farce comedy," but not the lyrics, and he sent it to a friend of his, a musician of note; then he sailed across the seas, and while he was abroad he heard that the work was to be produced. Back he hurried to England for the first night. He reached London only soon enough to drive straight to the theatre. He did not get a programme, for he had only foreign money in his pocket, and not nerve enough to say "Press." He listened for an hour in a state of stupor. Occasionally he seemed to recognise his own jokes, and one or two of the situations bore some resemblance to what he had written; in other respects it was nothing like his book. He picked up courage and asked a lady next to him to lend her programme. His name was on it as author, as responsible for idiotic vulgarities that made him shudder. During the entr'acte he stole out stealthily, and started next morning across the seas again. This sad true story came into my mind when I was watching "Little Christopher Columbus." Its reputed authors, Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, are two men of such proved ability that it is only on the supposition that in rehearsal their work has been pulled to pieces and badly put together again that I can really believe they wrote it.

The truth is that the dialogue consists mainly of puns, very few of any ingenuity, and the chief effort at humour lies in the frequent appearances of Mr. Lonnens in different disguises. Indeed, following Miss Letty Lind's graceful idea of bringing the limelight man to take a call with her after her serpentine dance, Mr. Lonnens should have appeared with Mr. Clarkson, the perruquier, on one side and his tailor on the other. Yet I should not be greatly surprised if the new—the authors have not classified it—has some success. It is full of dances, some of them pleasing. Mr. Lonnens is on the stage most of the time. I believe he has ardent admirers. Miss May Yohé has more than enough to do as the hero. Mr. Ivan Caryll's music is admirably adapted to the book.—E. F.-S.



MR. MURRAY CARSON.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

I don't suppose Paris has ever been so gay at this time of the year as she is at present. The newly inaugurated race, the Grand Prix d'Automne, of Sunday, the 8th, brought people back with a rush, racing men and pleasure-seekers alike. Everything proved a great success, and the attendance was enormous. Everybody, however, lost their money, a rank outsider, starting at 12 to 1, winning easily. This was M. A. Abeille's Callistrate. The President and Madame Carnot were present; the latter looked very well in dark mauve velvet, trimmed with Chantilly lace. That wonderfully preserved woman, the Marquise de Saint-Sauveur, looked lovely in dark blue, with quite the smartest hat imaginable. A good many women would almost give their eyes to be initiated into the secrets of her perfect complexion. The Baronnes Gustave and Arthur de Rothschild both wore very simple but elegant black dresses. Lady Anglesey looked as pretty as ever in a violet-and-black gown. Madame Bischoffsheim wore black, much bejewelled with jet, &c. The morning was rather showery, but the afternoon most lovely, and the Avenue des Acacias after the races was as crowded with smart people as if it were the June Grand Prix.

In honour of this auspicious race, the management of the Folies-Bergère gave a most wonderful entertainment the evening before, at which assisted Yvette Guilbert and Judie. You may imagine what a house there was to welcome these two most popular singers, each incomparable in her particular line. I think, however, that the palm was awarded, by common consent, to Judie, who sang "La Mousse," "Ne m'chatouillez pas," and "Les Jones," while among Yvette Guilbert's five songs I can only remember "Sa Famille" and "La Pierreuse." I was told that the receipts for the evening exceeded £3000, a large sum indeed for so comparatively small a house.

Among those in the boxes and stalls, I noticed Lord and Lady Dufferin and family, who all seemed intensely amused; the veteran Prince de Sagan, with Mlle. Darlaud, of the Gymnase, very much adorned with pearls, and her hair undulated to the very last degree; the Comte de Castellane; Baron and Baronne Gustave de Rothschild, the latter with black pearls in her ears as large as pigeons' eggs; the Comte de la Rochefoucauld, &c.

At the time of writing, everybody who can is rushing off to Toulon to welcome the Russian fleet. Gifts of all manner of things are being sent from all parts for the officers and sailors, and nothing is spared to render them honour and welcome. Somebody, in writing to the *Figaro* the other day, made a rather good suggestion, that huge boxes of French toys should be given to the sailors to take home to their children, so that these, in playing with them, should always think of the givers with gratitude, and grow up having affection and friendship for the French.

A most sensational trial is to take place soon, which is causing the deepest interest in society. It appears that a small expeditionary force, composed of two officers, Lieutenants Quiquerez and Ségonzac, and half-a-dozen Laptots, were sent from Dakar on a mission to several small kingdoms on the Ivory Coast. Nothing more was heard of the party for three months, when Lieut. de Ségonzac was picked up by an English steamer and taken to Sierra Leone, where on the day of his arrival he telegraphed to his father, the Marquis de Ségonzac, saying: "Quiquerez dead of fever. Break it to his family. Am coming back." When he returned to France, the Lieutenant published a long account of the expedition in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in which he gave a most pathetic account of the death of his comrade Quiquerez, and his hasty burial in a place four whole days' march from the coast or help. It seems that certain suspicions arose in the minds of the family, and they caused investigations to be made, which led to the most startling discoveries. It was ascertained that the Lieutenant had died quite near the mouth of the San Pedro, and within easy reach of assistance, and when the grave was opened it was found that death was due to a bullet wound in the head, and not to fever, as Ségonzac had averred. When confronted with this evidence he asserted that his comrade had deliberately committed suicide, and that he (Ségonzac) had told an untruth about the fever only in order to spare the family pain and save the memory of a French officer from disgrace. However, from information given by an English merchant in Senegal and native witnesses, it came to light that the two had frequently quarrelled, and this, with other unpublished evidence received, led to the subsequent arrest of Lieut. Ségonzac at the Château de Bonbon, Loiret, the residence of the Marquis, for whom great sympathy is expressed. The trial begins almost immediately.

Charles Terront, the celebrated cyclist, has established the record of St. Petersburg to Paris by covering the distance, 3200 kilomètres, in just 343 hours. This is a splendid record, they say, considering the dreadful state of the roads after the continual rains. He was greeted at Maisons-Lafitte by some four hundred cyclists, among whom were many of the fair sex, who had ridden out to meet him, and all followed the conquering hero back to Paris. When he arrived at the Vélodrome Buffalo he met with the most vociferous applause, the 5th Regiment of the Line playing the Russian National Anthem meantime.

I hear that M. Max Lebaudy, nicknamed Petit Sucrerie, is about to open a huge establishment at Tunis for the breeding of Arab horses.

MIMOSA.



Making her bow at the Grand Prix d'Automne



LAST WEEK'S PARIS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The reminiscences of Fred Leslie, the actor, are to be published shortly by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.—Mr. Vizetelly's reminiscences are also being pushed rapidly forward. The volume will contain a portrait of the author.—A book originally announced with the title "From London to Land's End" has been named, on second thoughts, "From Paddington to Penzance."—The new volume on ladies' employments, prefaced by Lady Jeune, is having a very good sale.

The collected essays of Professor Huxley are the newest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's Eversley Series, in which representatives of such different schools of thought as John Morley, Dean Church, Charles Kingsley, and Emerson are already included. Vol. I., called "Methods and Results," contains some of the famous scientific essays, besides some of the most conspicuous political ones—"The Natural Inequality of Man," for instance, and "Administrative Nihilism." The four volumes will be a fine record of a life of clear thinking, and of hard fighting, too.

But this first one contains something, too, of non-scientific and non-political interest, the reprint of his too short chapter of autobiography. So far as it goes it is full of candour. Of his mother, Professor Huxley has a good deal to say. "Her most distinguishing characteristic was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, 'I cannot help it; things flash across me. That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength.'"

There is in the personal words that quite individual mixture of honesty, obstinacy, pluck, and ready wit which one should expect from the writer. The autobiography surveys with modest pride the work of his life, and the results of his "conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the suffering of mankind excepting veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is."

M. Coquelin's enthusiastic article on Béranger, translated in the last *Century*, suggests some rather melancholy thoughts on the party spirit in literature. It does justice, for all its enthusiasm—no more than justice—to a reputation that has of late unjustly suffered. Béranger is more abused than he is read now. The changing passionate politics of France have done him injury. He was blamed for the evil of the Empire by those who had sung his songs without intelligence. Truth to tell, France has not yet advanced so far as Béranger reached. When a new tide of taste sets in many old popularities are always covered up; but it is not often so substantial a reputation is swept away. It will be swept back again to its due place, but M. Coquelin's article is not the less timely.

The new book of the Adventure Series is the life of James P. Beckwourth. Beckwourth was mountaineer, scout, pioneer, and chief, or sub-chief, of the Crow nation of Indians. He had also a great reputation for prodigious lying. Mr. Leland, his editor in this English edition, treats this propensity in a fine, reasonable spirit, holding that if every statement in the narrative which the "White Indian" dictated be not literally true, at least other things quite as wonderful must have been true of Beckwourth, to whose pluck, endurance, and daring independent and trustworthy persons have borne witness. Beckwourth had "the strange and mysterious gift of getting on with and conciliating Indians." Mr. Leland says he has it, too, and that the gift is hereditary. It is an exciting tale, even as told in this plain, bald narrative; but as little is slurred over, and as it contains some very grim horrors indeed, it is hardly an enticing one. Yet anyone who has known the red man so intimately has something to say, even to those who have no more hope or desire in this life of chasing buffaloes.

Mr. Lang's "True Story Book" (Longmans) is out. Its name, at least, will have an undoubted attraction for children, who, if they love wonders, yet long for the assurance of their truth. Whether the elders will be quite so fascinated by stories that have over them the light of common day instead of the glamour of fairyland is another matter. They are spirited versions of truth that are served up by the editor and by the various ladies who have helped him, in the tales of Prince Charlie, Montezuma, Cervantes, and other adventurous persons, and the illustrations are among the best that have been contributed to Mr. Lang's story books. Cricket is chronicled, of course, as well as famous fighting, kidnapping, and escapes.

It makes some of us very old and *blasé* to turn up Mr. A. D. Innes's prettily bound "Seers and Singers: a Study of Five Poets" (Innes). It is a book of homely essays on Tennyson, Wordsworth, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold. The most brilliant critic can hardly persuade us to read a word about them willingly just at present; though, luckily, the weariness has not affected our feelings towards the seers and singers themselves. We read so much about them greedily once, and when a generation has passed away, if we have the chance, we shall be ready to read a great deal more.

Still, having read them, I can say the essays are not in the least pretentious. They have the reverent tone never found in the words of professional critics, to whom poets are, after all, men of letters like themselves, only differing in talent and degree. They are not very subtle, but, if they reflect an ordinary point of view, they are hardly commonplace, for they are at least the jottings of a living reader.—o. o.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Mr. Notcutt's *Concert* at St. James's Hall on Saturday, Oct. 7, an admirable list of performers and a most pleasant programme. The attendance was very crowded, and showed how ready the public was to welcome the commencement of another musical season. Miss Palliser sang Maseroni's "Ave Maria," being accompanied by the composer, "bearded as the pard"; and Delibes' "Les Filles de Cadix." Miss Ella Russell, in shot silk of magenta hue, sang what is popularly known as the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" with perfect enunciation and in excellent style, and as an encore gave "Within a Mile." Mr. Ben Davies had his usual reward for admirable singing. The most tumultuous success was gained by the Meister Glee Singers, who yielded at last to an encore; their rendering of "The Sands o' Dee" was the gem of the concert. Master Gerard played some 'cello solos in that masterly manner which makes you forget his age. Mr. Eugene Oudin sang "Alla stella confidente" in fine style, and joined Mr. Norman Salmon in the duet "O Salutaris," his own composition. Miss Meredyth Elliott was heard to exceptional advantage in her songs, charmingly rendered. Mr. Frederick Dawson interpreted Chopin's "Scherzo" (No. 3) so well that the audience called for another solo. Mr. Santley was encored for two pretty songs, by Miss Ellen Wright, who accompanied him on the piano. Miss Hilda Wilson gave two of Kjerulff's songs in her pleasant manner. Other contributors to the programme were Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Chilley, the Misses Eissler, and Miss Medora Henson.

Olla Podrida. I am sorry to hear that Miss Clara Butt had an accident the other day when she was riding, and is now resting at Bristol. It is to be hoped she will recover in time for the festival in her native town.—One of the successes of the Promenade Concerts just concluded at Covent Garden Theatre has been Mr. Braxton Smith's singing. He is, if possible, getting more careful in style as he advances in his profession.—Everybody likes to hear Mr. Ben Davies, but will he kindly oblige some of his admirers by giving a much-needed rest to "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"?—Miss Nancy McIntosh once or twice supplied Miss Macintyre's place at important concerts, sometimes at short notice, and always with efficiency. She now has her chance in "Utopia," and is making good use of it.—I hear very encouraging accounts of Miss Beatrice Langley as a violinist. She is about to appear at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.—LUTE.

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Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

A CIGARETTE WITH MR. HORACE SEDGER.

With the heartiness of manner of which all who have been brought under its influence acknowledge the charm, the popular and handsome manager of the Lyric Theatre at once seated me in a chair next to his writing-table, and offered me his cigarette case on my calling on him a few days after the *premiere* of "Little Christopher Columbus."

"Well, Mr. Sedger, I hope you have not been ill-satisfied with the Press notices on your new venture."

"Oh, dear, no. Some might have been more cordial, perhaps, but as a whole I have no cause to find fault with them. The box-office is, with me, always the best criterion, and that, I am glad to say, tells me a very



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.
MR. SEDGER.

flattering tale. I am sure the piece has caught on with the public. Press opinion is not everything. I remember it lauded 'The Magic Opal' to the sky, but I found there was little money in that piece."

"Have you any theories as to failures, may I ask, for precautions are better than cure?"

"Quite so. Well, my belief is that you can never cure a first bad impression as regards the public. In one of my pieces my *prima donna* didn't take from the first, and in another there was at first no low comedian part; both were failures because they started badly. *C'est le premier pas que coûte.* Now, on the other hand, 'La Cigale' at once secured popular favour, and although when Miss Geraldine Ulmar went off to be married the receipts went down, yet directly she came back the piece went on as gamely as ever. It had a good name, you see."

"I expect you must have spent a tremendous amount on the dresses in 'Little Christopher'?"

"Yes, indeed; they cost £1350 in the first act," he answered, with a laugh, "and in the second they came to a like amount. With one expense and another, I drew cheques for fully £7000 before the curtain went up. The dresses are most elaborate, but they don't all please me—those of the dancing girls in the first act, for instance. They will be altered. The fact is, they looked, when made up, quite different to the drawn design."

"I suppose Mr. D'Auban is responsible for the dances?"

"Yes; he has devoted all his energies and all his inventiveness to get something novel and effective. He has instructed in dancing nearly the whole of the company, choristers included, and it is a very big company—the largest, indeed, I have ever had, more numerous even than the one in 'La Cigale'."

"I expect a comic opera is more to your fancy than any other dramatic work?"

"Yes; I would ask for nothing better than a series of 'La Cigales'; not only financially, but in an art point of view, for in it the canons of

musical composition were more strictly adhered to than has been thought expedient in 'Little Christopher,' which is written more in consonance to popular form. Both Caryll and myself felt that we must go with the times."

"And the music is quite uncollaborated, I suppose?"

"Oh, completely! I believe Mr. Ivan Caryll has had numerous offers of assistance; but he has not felt need of any support," Mr. Sedger answered merrily. "So no one will be able to say of 'Little Christopher' that it is a 'botched' work, while, of course, Sims and Raleigh are towers of strength and of the greatest practical experience."

"Well, the doors of the Lyric have been shut too long."

"Yes, indeed, twenty-five weeks out of fifty-two, and I was out of pocket even with the Duse short season."

"You thoroughly believe that a manager is his own best stage-manager, Mr. Sedger?"

"Oh, certainly. He feels in that position more in touch with his company and the course of their studies, while when the money comes out of his own pocket he is not so likely to throw it recklessly away, and experimentise with it, as it were."

"You have been an active manager some time, haven't you?"

"Since 1886, when I brought out 'Dorothy' at the Prince of Wales'; and then there followed 'Paul Jones,' 'Captain Thérèse,' 'Maid Marian,' 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Marjorie,' and, as you must remember, at the Lyric 'La Cigale,' 'The Mountebanks,' 'The Magic Opal,' 'Incognita,' and 'The Golden Web.'"

"But not all prizes?"

"No, indeed. 'Maid Marian' was an extraordinary ungrateful jade. I lost in six weeks, with the original cost of production, quite £6000. And why, I can't tell you. It was the prettiest stage picture imaginable. Everyone who saw it was immensely pleased, but the receipts gradually fell off. It was quite incomprehensible to me. It was a riddle I never could solve, and I give it up to this day."

T. H. L.

KING TOPSY-TURVY.

Mr. Gilbert carries out his topsy-turvydom in every-day life, for in reply to a correspondent who wished to interview him apropos of "Utopia" he said his terms for an interview were twenty guineas!

No nobleman's scion,
I yet am a lion—

The latter-day lion librettist.

My lists of successes,

The public confesses,

Pronounce me a magic duettist.

My skill as a rhymer,

My wit as a mimer,

Have given me an envied position;

The Prophet of Patter,

All rivals must scatter

In face of the Savoy tradition.

The Trial by Jury,

The Sorcerer's fury,

The Pirates of Penzance, and Koko;

The Peer and the Peri,

The gay Gondolieri,

Have made my distinction no joke, O!

And in my retirement

The Savoy requirement

Was hardly provided by Barrie;

Though absence, I ponder,

Makes hearts all the fonder,

I'm now to return to my 'Arry,

Such fame being due me,

You'd fain interview me

Concerning my latest creation.

You'd like me to sample

The plot by an ample

Digest or a lengthy quotation;

This rhyme and that ballad,

Its cynical salad,

Its very construction and wheezes;

To tell you its title;

But secrecy's vital—

That's just the Cartesian thesis.

You fancy you pay me

An honour to lay me

In front of your readers dissected;

Herein you are erring,

It's I am conferring

The honour in being inspected.

What you want me to tell you

I'll willingly sell you—

The bargain is not a bit scurvy;

In turning the table

I simply am able

To practise my old topsy-turvy.

J. M. B.

SMALL TALK.

At last the expected *has* happened. Mr. W. T. Stead has found the demand on his energy as editor of the *Review of Reviews* insufficient to keep his fertile mind fully employed. For a quarter of a century he has been thinking about "a more or less visionary aspiration," taking the material form of a daily newspaper. He is painfully aware of many of his own disqualifications as the editor of such a journal, but he is, nevertheless, prepared to dedicate the rest of his life to the realisation of his great ideal, the conducting of a paper in which he will be able to be "free from control by a proprietor, free from pressure from advertisers, free from the restrictions of sect, and, above all, free from the prejudices and passions of party." If one hundred thousand people will send a year's subscription for this projected daily paper—that is, twenty-six shillings—before Dec. 31, Mr. Stead will guarantee the starting of the newspaper about July 1894. Each of the hundred thousand will be the holder of a one pound debenture form. There is something very tempting about the offer, and the anticipation of Mr. Stead's "latest" ought to add to the demand for the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, which will be published on Nov. 1, and will contain further details. Mr. Stead says, "I shall be glad, very glad, if my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen desire me to do this thing, and their support will encourage me to attempt an enterprise from which, now I look at it closely, I might otherwise have recoiled." For particulars of the scheme I must refer you to the October number of the *Review of Reviews*.

Another well-tried friend of many an old "first-nighter," of many a journalist and littérateur, has gone over to the majority, at the early age of fifty-two, in the person of Henry Savile-Clarke. His striking person, genial manner, witty converse, and generous disposition will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances in London. Probably his talents showed to greatest advantage in those pointed *vers de société* in which he excelled, but I think he had a greater love for stage work, and it was during the rehearsals of his adaptation of Moy Thomas's novel, "A Fight for Life," in the early part of 1881, that I first made his acquaintance. This melodramatic play, which was given once at a Gaiety matinée, and then went on tour—with poor Charles Kelly (Ellen Terry's husband), Miss Alma Murray,

and Mr. Robert Brough in the principal parts—was not a remarkable success, and the best work that he did for the stage was undoubtedly his arrangement of "Alice in Wonderland," in which two charming daughters of the late Prebendary Barnes—one of whom has since won success as Miss Irene Vanbrugh—showed considerable talent.

London was presented with two new penny weeklies on Oct. 7, the *London Scotsman* and the *Summary*. Both have precedents. Did not Archibald Forbes, in the interval after leaving the Dragoons, and before the opportunity came of distinguishing himself as war correspondent of the *Daily News* in 1870, edit a newspaper for his countrymen in the Metropolis? And did not the *Times* issue some years ago an eight-page *Summary* of itself every morning? The *London Scotsman* opens with the somewhat peculiar statement that, just as it was going to press, arrangements had been completed by which Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P., had been secured as editor. In the days of old Mr. Wallace made the *Edinburgh Scotsman* hum, and his reply to Mr. Wemyss Reid and "his young man" for the attack they made in the *Speaker* on the member for the Eastern Division of Edinburgh shows that the latter has not lost any of his caustic touch.

The *Summary* is edited by Captain F. S. Dugmore, and purports to be a condensed selection of all that is most noteworthy in the week's journalism, together with original matter of general interest. It is very well printed, except that the mixture of type of different sizes is not very happily arranged. In these days of "Liebig's Extract" of literature, doubtless the *Summary* will find many readers; it certainly gives a large amount of interesting reading matter, which ought to prove handy for those who see but a limited number of newspapers.

The day after these bantlings came out the *News of the World* celebrated its jubilee. The story of the paper forms a very interesting incident in the metropolitan journalism of the last fifty years, and was admirably told in the jubilee number referred to. It had a hard struggle to start with, for, though the printing press was by no means in its infancy, the newspaper was hampered by stamp duties, paper duties, and advertisement duties. Half a century ago the sum charged for a

newspaper was eightpence-halfpenny. The late Mr. Edward Lloyd issued what was the earliest stamped threepenny newspaper, which was followed some months later by Mr. John Browne Bell with the *News of the World*. Since then the success of the paper has been great.

The National Portrait Gallery, the outside walls of which are at length beginning to make an imposing appearance on the north side of the "Pepper Pot and Casters" building—the object of much violent abuse—where our splendid collection of pictures is housed, will have, whatever else may be its shortcomings, one admirable possession for a picture gallery—to wit, an uninterrupted north light. Its principal windows face right up Charing Cross Road, and nothing, except a London fog, can interfere with this most enviable advantage. It will, possibly, be yet another twelve months before the portraits can be arranged in their new home, and it seems probable, that they will be somewhat crowded when they get there, the late Government not having seen their way to granting a larger site. A couple of years or so ago, I heard the genial and talented secretary, Mr. George Scharf, whose figure is so well known at the art sales at Christie's, express his belief that he should never live to arrange the pictures in their new quarters, but, with things so far advanced, we may all reasonably hope that this depressing prophecy will not be verified.

For the special delectation of the Russian Grand Dukes the Queen had a private "gathering" in one of the "grass parks" at Balmoral the other day, at which the various games were keenly contested, the competitors being the tenants and employés on the Balmoral and Birkhall estates. Only the royalties and the members of the household were present, and the Grand Dukes were very much interested in the contests. The Queen has presented the Grand Dukes with some plaids of the "Royal Balmoral Tartan," a pattern designed by the late Prince Consort for the exclusive use of members of the Royal Family, as he considered that the "Royal Stuart Tartan" had become too common.

Some months ago there was an account in the English papers of the marriage of the Rajah of Patiala—a descendant, I believe, of that Rajah who did such good service to England at the time of the Mutiny—to a young Irish lady, a Miss Brien, with whose youth and beauty he had fallen desperately in love, and whom he had espoused in spite of the opposition of his relatives. Next spring, I understand, we are likely to have an opportunity of seeing the happy pair for ourselves. It is, I believe, the intention of the young Rajah and his bride to take a house in London next March or April for the season, when, no doubt, they will lavishly entertain and be hospitably entertained in return. The Rajah, who has dared to set his relatives at defiance and make a love match, is only three or four-and-twenty, while the Rajee, who is a typical Irish beauty, is not yet out of her teens. We English, in spite of our "practical common-sense," are great lovers of romance, and the Rajah and his Irish wife are pretty certain to be heartily welcomed by London society.

Editors are having a bad time of it lately, and some few are likely to become, in a double sense, marked men. The gallant general who recently descended with thunder and blunderbuss on a Berlin knight of the pen has had his belligerent action duplicated in St. Petersburg, only more so, by a proof-reader, who, cherishing a certain wrath, righteous or otherwise, against his editor, has just deposited four bullets in his learned person, without notice or permission. The imperfect laws of our too peaceful constitution are all on the editorial side over here. Why cannot the possessor of rejected manuscripts take summary vengeance, for example, on the cold-hearted chief or pink the obtuse reader who equally misses the point of his facetious or pathetic masterpieces? There is something wrong in the state of Fleet Street as well as Denmark—editors are so autocratic. Now, if the scribbling fraternity could only introduce some circular leaden pellets by way of argument occasionally, and then strut unmolested around Grub Street like the high-minded and sensitive General Kirchhoff, how soothing to one's former sorrows of rejection!

Prince Pierre Troubetskoi, the young Russian painter, who is to marry Miss Ethel Wright, the artist, is half an American, his mother being a Boston woman. Three of her sons have taken to art. Prince Paul is a sculptor of great promise, taking medals at almost every exhibition where he shows his work. He recently made a portrait bust of Crispi, and is now engaged on one of Capri. Prince Gigi—diminutive for Luigi—is, perhaps, the greatest favourite of the three among ladies. He has a clear, open face, bright, intelligent eyes, and is always good-humoured and merry. He is at present serving his time in the Italian army, as Prince Troubetskoi wished, at least one of her sons to have a country. The other two have never been naturalised, and are neither Russian, Italian, or American. Princess Troubetskoi has lived abroad for many years, and adopted many Continental customs and habits. She is of a very liberal, charitable disposition, with broad and humane views on all the leading questions of the day. She does not go out in society now, as she is in mourning for her husband, who died about six months ago. She is a woman of fine presence, cultured, intelligent, a good conversationalist, speaking French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native tongue. For many years her villa on Lake Maggiore was the resort of some of Italy's most distinguished men and women, as the Princess was a charming and liberal entertainer, and was known from one end of the lake to the other.



Photo by Disdéri and Co.

MR. H. SAVILE-CLARKE.

In the wonderful library which was brought into existence by the late lamented Mr. Bohn, no series is so prized by bibliophiles as the modest octavos known as the "extra volumes." The modern publishers of Bohn's libraries have not seen fit to reissue this series, and, consequently, though the volumes were originally issued at three-and-sixpence each, they fetch a great deal more to-day. Not one of the set is, perhaps, so well known as Boccaccio's "Decameron." An enormous improvement is capable of being made in every way, especially typographically,



on the Bohn edition. Some years ago the Villon Society issued a beautifully printed translation, made by Mr. John Payne. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen are to re-issue a sumptuous new edition in two volumes. A thousand copies will be printed (with 174 on Japanese vellum), with twenty photogravures of pictures by M. Louis Chalon. The print here reproduced illustrates the curious story told on the third day, wherein a lady completely gulled a certain friar. M. Chalon shows her giving that rich purse attached to a quaint and costly girdle which put the good man completely off his guard.

Traditional nutshell descriptions of national characteristics die hard. It is not so very long ago since Mr. Sydney Grundy, sketching the Scot in the person of The McCrankie, the comic relief man—I wonder why?—of "Haddon Hall," fell back on the old view of the Scotchman being a "dour chiel." It was thus characteristic that no Scotch inns figure in Mr. Camden Hotton's curious history of signboards. The omission and the inherent subscription to the doctrine of the unconviviality of his race has led an ardent Scot, Mr. Robert Kempt, to write a chatty account of "Convivial Caledonia," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have just issued. It is full of out-of-the-way facts and stories, which should gladden the hearts of those Scotsmen who recently fired the enthusiasm of a certain temperance prelate when they gathered round St. Paul's on "hogmanay" to "drink a cup o' kindness for the days o' auld lang syne."

The interesting ceremony of planting a rose-tree on the grave of Tennyson's "best friend," the late Edward Fitzgerald, he who translated Omar Khayyam so "divinely well"—a rose-tree raised from seed brought from Omar's grave, reminds one that it was a hasty sentence of the genial and gentle "Fitz," ineffectually admitted into the "Life and Letters" of that poet and translator by Mr. Aldis Wright, that stirred Robert Browning to write in the *Athenaeum* in the summer of 1889 probably the most bitter lines that ever came from that great poet's pen. The words that so roused Browning's anger and resentment were written at the time of Mrs. Browning's death, and were expressive of thanks that there could be "no more Aurora Leighs." Never, I should think, since the days of Swift has anything more savage appeared in literature than the ode in question, beginning "I chanced upon a new book yesterday," and it is more than probable that Browning himself, who was the most kindhearted of men, regretted them in his calmer moments.

All men are not built like George Eliot's Bartle Massey, who objected to anything in the shape of a female in his establishment; indeed, there are still many among us who are glad to see women in the parts of wives and mothers. To such, the assurance of Lady Jeune, contained in a little book entitled "Ladies at Work," that in the future, "to the majority of women the profession ordained by Nature will be the one still open to them," is grateful and comforting. So many different professions are, however, recommended to their fellow-women by the lady experts who have compiled this work that one is half afraid that Lady Jeune may take too sanguine a view of the case, and that the pressure of the businesses in which women will, ere long, be engaged will entirely preclude the possibility of their wasting any of their precious time on such trivial details as matrimony, motherhood, house-keeping, and the like, things which are probably only thought worthy of them by those inferior creatures, men, who, as I heard a very up-to-date lady observe the other day, are "one and all absolutely incapable of appreciating the finer feelings of we women."

Egypt is a most astonishingly prolific country in bones, tombstones, and other gruesome proofs of antique traditions. No sooner is one discovery of august skulls dug up—to the everlasting joy of the Egyptologist—than another acre of well-preserved remains introduces itself to those interested in such "rubbidge," as Mrs. Partington would irreverently consider it. M. Grébaut, late Director of Egyptian Museums, made a great "find" at Thebes about two years ago, and several portions of this treasure-trove have been presented to the American Government by the Khedive. Nothing is so precious to the newness of Columbia as the mould and moth of hereditary greatness which belongs to other countries, so this collection of the Khedive's will be eagerly appreciated. It contains, apparently, endless coffins, mummies, too—as is only appropriate—strange instruments of the toilet and torture, pedigrees in papyrus, and what not. The cases containing these precious remains are expected to arrive some time in October, and will be placed in the Institute at Washington. While admiring the Khedive's generosity, one also recognises here a perspicacity truly Egyptian. No people in the world spend more money than Americans in the land of the Pharaohs, so it was a tactful thought to thus tickle Brother Jonathan in this sensitive part. If Tommy loved a lord, Sammy certainly loves a grandfather.

Weddings, though they take place later than they used—and that terrible ceremony, the wedding breakfast, has been, thank heaven, happily shorn of many of its ancient horrors—are still somewhat of an ordeal, not, perhaps, to the "leading" lady and gentleman, but to the rest of the company, who play the comparatively unimportant rôle of guests. If we consider them an ordeal here, what, I wonder, should we think of them in Germany? My fair American correspondent, who gossiped to me the other day about the railway journey of the Kaiserin, informs me that she recently played the part of guest at a German wedding. "It is the fashion here," she writes, "to bid the wedding guests to remain not only for the ceremony itself, but for the dinner, the ball, and the supper, so you are compelled to allow the garish light of day to gaze upon you in full evening dress. This is somewhat trying, especially to those with yellow skins. To me, also, it seems somewhat strange that the bride provides carriages and flowers for all her guests, and rooms for those who travel from any distance." *Punch's* advice to those about to marry should certainly be extended to those about to attend marriages "made in Germany."

The music-hall season is setting in with a vengeance; this week the houses have been crammed. Looking at the ornate palaces in which fascinating "sisters" skip and the star artistes their voices raise, I cannot but call to mind the old days of Weston's—the Royal now—the Raglan, and the Eagle. As to the South London, do you know that the first hall was originally a Roman Catholic chapel? and I have seen the broken stained-glass windows mixed up with stage props.

I should think that by far the biggest "draw" then was Mackney, who in those days must have received from the treasuries about £50 or £60 a week. When the South London was first opened the proprietor was most anxious to improve the public taste, so as not to be altogether public-house taste. He began by trying selections from the operas, but, alas! serio-comics, burnt cork, and breakdowns were found to be the best attractions. "Maritana" only served for a breathing time wherein to take drinks; "Don Giovanni" was derided; and as to "Martha," save for "The Last Rose of Summer," it would have been almost hissed off the stage. And now? Well, music-hall proprietors can boast good solid fortunes with six figures in them; and Mr. Henry Newson-Smith is coming back from Chicago, when still greater deeds are to be done in the music-hall way.

Mr. Hugh J. Dideott inaugurated his reign at the "Troc" with a court of such talent as is seldom seen in "the 'alls." Among the thirty-eight turns, there appeared Misses Letty Lind, Millie Hylton, Alice Atherton, Vesta Victoria, Rose Dearing, the Sisters Levey, Sisters Manlin, Aleide Capitaine ("the Empress of the Air"), Messrs. Arthur Roberts, John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Charles Bertram, Arthur Faber, Willie Edouin, R. G. Knowles, and others of "light and leading." The greatest enthusiasm pervaded the crowded hall, which appeared to have been newly and most tastefully decorated.

It appears that Mr. Charles Hoyt, the New York dramatist, concocted an operetta ten years ago, which he called "A Civilised Community," and which bears some resemblance to the plot of the new Savoy opera. The scheme of the thing was that a worthy king of the South Sea Islands became possessed of the idea of progress, and felt himself hampered because he could not hire a steam yacht and get to Boston. Some Yale students, with their instructors, started on a tour round the world, and touched at the cannibal king's island home. The ruler entered into negotiations with the students to remain on the island and civilise his realm, and, after some reluctance, the professors consented, and decided to call for the students in the following year. With the students went a cynical sailor, who wished to become a savage, so that he might again know the delights of primitive simplicity. The students introduced the telegraph, telephone, and other great civilising influences, usually with disastrous results. One of the natives, called Cannibal Jack, finally got desperate, and challenged the principal Yale man to a duel. Waiters came on with coolers containing bottles, with salmon and Hollandaise sauce and a large assortment of small hot birds. After all got together one of the seconds remarked that they might as well proceed with the preliminaries of the breakfast. Search was made for the foils, but they were missing. The party was all right in every other detail. They drank cocktails till the foils arrived. Then Cannibal Jack nearly wounded the Yale man, and the other fellows threatened to take a fall out of him for his ungentlemanly conduct in that he might have spilled blood on the Yale man's immaculate shirt-front.

"A Modern Don Quixote," which hits the peculiarities of Mr. Arthur Roberts, and, in consequence, has hit the taste of a certain section of London playgoers, can hardly be considered the best stage work that has been done by Mr. George Dance, whose "Nautech Girl," at the Savoy—produced after the unfortunate D'Oyly Carte-Gilbert-Sullivan split—will be well remembered, as will also his extremely comic travesty, "Oliver Grumble." Mr. Dance, who is still a young man, was, I believe, brought up, not to the writing of librettos or farcical comedies, but to the more serious business of commerce, and for many years lived in that centre of the hosiery trade, Nottingham. Whether this gave him a taste for the liberal display of that industry so frequently made in burlesque, I cannot say, but I believe that it was in that town that he made his first venture in stage-writing, which venture took the form of a pantomime produced at the Nottingham Theatre. Of late Mr. Dance has been very busy, and several of his works are being successfully performed in London and the provinces.

Sardou once gave us the necessary architecture of a play in these wise words: "It must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, just as in a column you must have a base, a shaft, and a capital." To write a successful drama is, of course, a rare gift; the ability to write amusing plays suitable for the drawing-room or the charity entertainment is likewise not given to many. I was set thinking in this way by the receipt of a half-crown volume entitled "Original Plays and Duologues" (Dean and Son). After reading the fifteen pieces contained therein, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Francis W. Moore has achieved an unusual success. Each of the contents is comprised in a single act, and no great demand is made on the property-man for suitable equipment. A charming idyll, which ought to delight numerous audiences in the coming winter, is "Once upon a Time"; the comedietta, "After the Rain," has also excellent opportunities; and "Asking Papa" could hardly fail to amuse when played with spirit.

I hear that an American *prima donna*, who has made a big name in the States, is now in this country, and that ere long Londoners may hope to have a taste of her quality. Miss Emma Juch, the lady in question, is a Viennese, but she has passed all her life in America. She possesses a soprano voice of fine quality, is an actress of undoubted ability, and has successfully pourtrayed the joys and sorrows of most of the well-known heroines in grand opera, including several of Wagner's. Miss Juch has, I believe, already been heard at a concert in Liverpool, where she created a most favourable impression.

So someone has been complaining about the English cicerone. I don't wonder at it. At Durham Cathedral, though, there is an exception to prove the rule. At Canterbury was some years ago the noblest specimen of the fossil sexton I have ever come across. The joy of his existence was to constantly compare Canterbury to Westminster, much to the disparagement of the latter. *Sic*—"The 'ight from the pavin' to the roof is — feet; it ain't nearly so 'igh at Westminster. Then here is the 'owls in the stones worn out by the pious pilgrims' feet as come to view the shrine o' St. Thomas à-Becket. Then 'ere is said to be some o' the spots o' the holy martyr's blood. There weren't no pilgrims at Westminster, and no sich shrines at Westminster, and no sich bloodmarks at Westminster as can be easy seen by the naked native heye." Still, who can be worse than the gobbling, gabbling imbeciles who struggle for your patronage at the gate of the Invalides and who do the Napoleon business in a voice something between the patter of the street pill-seller and the music of a sausage-machine reproduced by phonograph?

By-the-way, on board the *Victory*, some years ago, a curious old marine used to be told off to astonish the Browns who had come down from town per excursion. He had a strange, weird way of making all his speeches without a single break or pause. As a finale, he always

wound up with, "And-this-is-the-spot-where-the-glorus'-cro-fell-it-is-usual-to-present-the-attendant-with-a-small-gratuity"; and then out came the sixpences galore. I really think, though, the only good cicerone is the smart, jolly-looking, good-natured fellow who takes you over Sans-Souci; he is rather pleased, too, than otherwise if you insult him by asking a question.

As to shows in general, one of the best things I have ever heard was outside a wax-works in the Place de la Monnaie, Brussels, on the same site as where now stands the new Post Office.

SHOWMAN OUTSIDE. Yes, Sare; fine show, Sare; belle—schön—very goot. Dere is not anytink what shock de Morales or cause de fright.

MR. 'ARRY BRITON. What, ain't there no tortures, guillotined blokes, and that?

S. O. No, Sare.

M. A. B. No blood, nor nothin'?

S. O. No, Sare, *certainement* not!

M. A. B. And there ain't nothing lively, as what they won't let us see in England?

S. O. De-Exposition is all for de morale—nothing impropore, Sare; he give de truth.

M. A. B. (after drawing a deep breath of disgust). Then I'm blest if I'm a-goin' to give five o' them pennies o' yours to go in! Ga-long.

Miss Nita Clavering, gold medallist last year at the Royal Academy of Music for singing, made a successful début as *Clairette* in "La Fille de Madame Angot," at the Criterion Theatre, last week.

Miss Marie Montrose is a very young and charming actress and skirt-dancer who is rapidly making a name all over England. She is engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to play *Cinderella* in his pantomime at the Tyne

Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, during the coming season. This selection has not been made without good reason, for Miss Montrose is one of the prettiest soubrettes on the stage, has a rich soprano voice, and is a clever and accomplished exponent of skirt-dancing, which she has been taught by the best masters of the art in London. She is well known in all the leading provincial theatres as one of the most bewitching Tinas in "My Sweetheart," a part which she played (save during the pantomime season) for nearly two years with Messrs. Miller and Elliston's company. This year she has been principal girl in Mr. Victor Stevens' burlesque of "Boy Blue," and as Dolly Dicory has delighted

audiences in England, Scotland as far north as Aberdeen, and in Dublin, where the success of the production was phenomenal. Her first appearance on the stage was at Drury Lane. When only seven years old, she was asked to play Prince Mamillius in "A Winter's Tale"; a year or two afterwards she took the part of St. Patrick in a children's pantomime, "St. George and the Dragon," at Covent Garden. She liked the stage, and the public were delighted with her; so that it is not remarkable to find that her next engagement was with the Children's Opera Company, in which she performed for six months as a child actress, taking the part of *Clairette* in "La Fille de Madame Angot," &c.

Miss Montrose has played the principal girl's parts in four pantomimes: first at Glasgow, as *Phyllis Flounce*, next at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, as *Gerty, the girl-babe*, in "Babes in the Wood." This was followed by an engagement for the following winter at the Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, as *Red Riding Hood*; and last winter she was at Mr. Chute's theatre, Bristol, in his very successful Christmas piece. Miss Montrose has also played in numerous little farces, one of her favourites being *Nan* in "Good for Nothing." An amusing incident occurred at her very first appearance as *Tina*. During the medley her business is to run up the stage and sit on the edge of the well. All at once she lost her balance and fell in, head first. The well was narrow, and she could not help herself, so that for a minute or two all that was visible was a very neat pair of boots and just a suggestion of black stockings with yellow clocks. She was assisted out, and the play was interrupted with laughter for some minutes.



Photo by Karoly, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham.
MARIE MONTROSE.

At the "Miners' Matinée," Drury Lane, on Thursday, "things went excellent well." Mr. Daly, however, indulged in what was rather an innovation. Principals, chorus, &c., dressed at Daly's, and were carted off to the Palace of Augustus in four-wheeled cabs. The fact is that it is not altogether good business to dress at strange shows. Watches and trinkets are occasionally not found among the missing. However, on the return journey from Drury Lane, in a block by Covent Garden, the cab loads of the gay Foresters were surrounded by a mirthful crowd of market folk. The doors of one growler were politely opened, and notes of admiration let off, such as "Bill, look at them legs!" "Who dyed his stockings in beetroot?" An unealled-for dessert of over-matured pippins was also supplied gratis, greatly to the discomfiture of Robin Hood's merry men. In one cab a large market basket was thrust in, accompanied by the remark, "That'll do to keep the bokays in." However, all was taken in good part, even the apples, and the result of the matinée has been £300 contributed for the benefit of the miners' families.

Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, having represented the Montgomery Boroughs in the interests of Conservatism, was presented by his constituents last week with a massive suite of three solid silver vases, the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. Just about



to enter his sixtieth year, he is the son of a solicitor at Newtown. In 1887 he was knighted, and assumed the surname of Pryce. The presentation took place in the Town Hall of Welshpool, the Earl of Powis presiding, and the Marquis of Londonderry addressing the meeting.

The moderately minded, to whom light wines appeal and non-alcoholic luncheon beer represents sufficiency, would be puzzled to understand the sentiments which possess an ancient crossing-sweeper friend of mine, whom I have pensioned with a weekly largesse of sixpence. Hibernian by birth, hilarious by disposition, and with a fondness for "porther," I discovered this sylph of the broomstick some days ago in a state of tottering perpendicular outside her chosen public. Before I could either pass on or assume an expression of reproachful virtue a crony came by, also in quest of some "nourishment," and seeing Peggy, appealed to her for a decision. "Is it strong—the stuff they're sellin' inside, I mane?" she asked, fumbling with some coppers. "Strong!" echoed Peggy, in a state of considerable lurchiness. "Oh, bedad, it's powerful strong! Just look at me for sev'pence-ha'penny;" and suddenly sitting down on the pavement she proved, if that were necessary, the potency of the "porther" to make her powerless. While cheered by this reassuring evidence, her friend promptly disappeared behind the swing doors. So much for indigent pensioners.

"Summon the mesmerist!" was the mandate, conveyed in that tremendous voice of his, with which the late Mr. Tyars at the Lyceum used to produce in Henry Irving, as Mathias, in "The Bells," those writhings of agonised terror that were one of the features of the picturesque trial scene. Whether the Dutchman De Jong, who seems to have a wonderful facility for marrying and then for mislaying his better halves, knows of the proposal in his case to "summon the mesmerist" to assist his memory in the matter of the mislaid ladies, I do not know; neither can I pronounce an opinion, not knowing the temperament of this double (married) Dutchman, as to whether he would quake were he aware of the proposition; but should it be adopted, it is hardly likely to become popular among suspected criminals, however delightful it may appear to hungry detectives. Whether the performance will ever take place seems more than doubtful, but it may, I think, be considered as quite certain that it has too treacherous a flavour ever to be tolerated in England.

The latest about that wicked little monster, the cholera microbe, is that, in common with mermaids, sea-serpents, and other naughtinesses, he not alone lives happily in sea-water, but actually thrives and flourishes in the briny element. Professor Dunbar, a young bacteriologist of note, in conducting experiments lately, found the cholera microbe ten miles out at sea, off Antwerp, and on the water so impregnated being given to

some hapless animals they gave all the symptoms of severe choleraic affection within a few hours. If this be further demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists, it will certainly be the means of prevention, to some extent, in future. A law prohibiting garbage and so forth being thrown overboard from infected vessels while in port will, no doubt, come to be passed, and the harbour authorities will have a lively time in seeing that all quarantined vessels within their jurisdiction "consume their own smoke."

Hamburg, which used to be—in common with other big ports—a very hotbed of horrors, is now entirely revolutionised, as far as sanitation goes. I was there last week, and had the distinction of meeting Herr Rumpf, the director of the famous Eppendorff Hospital. "But for that unfortunate leakage of Elbe water," he said, "on Sept. 13, into our aqueducts there would not have been a case of cholera here." I went through the "dead ward," which was only last year the scene of uncounted deaths. It is now given up to children who are down with the malady. About a dozen small sufferers had it all to themselves, and of these three were on the mend. Professor Rumpf regards the cholera of '93 as "the lightest kind of sickness," and added, in speaking of his patients now, at the Eppendorff, "Among all of them you will not see a single case such as we daily met with in '92. This year people have been frightened, last year they were hurt, next year, thanks to improved methods of prevention, they will be neither," which certainly sounds cheerful from such an undoubted authority.

They are marrying the Czarevitch again in St. Petersburg, and this time the bride which many-tongued rumour awards to this amiable young prince is the beautiful and talented daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. A warm friendship has always existed between this branch and the Russian Imperial family. It will be remembered that the Landgrave's first wife was the Grand Duchess Alexandra, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas. The true name of the Czarevitch's future bride, however, who can vouch for? To-day it is this princess, to-morrow that. Meanwhile, if the heir to Holy Russia's uneasy crown feels embarrassed at the plethora of distinguished maidens with whom his name has been mentioned, he has but to reflect that his is the fate of every eligible youth, prince, peer, or peasant, until he finally puts himself outside the pale of expectation by doing all that is expressed in "settling down."

All Warsaw is agog over the sentence passed on a Polish officer who has just undergone trial by court-martial for the murder of his wife in June. The contents of a dozen three-volume novels boiled down into trebly concentrated essence of romance would scarcely reach this tragedy of real life as it stands. The Slavonic Cupid is beyond doubt at higher pressure than his confrères of more placid peoples, and does not wait to avenge his wrongs in the Divorce Court. A military ball was the romantic scene of the incident I speak of, and the curtain goes up on the shrieks of a dying woman, whom her hot-headed husband has stabbed *a mort*. The other man was there, of course, and has given evidence on the trial. But the Court, while admitting "provocation," have deprived Captain Ipatoff, the husband, of his rank and sentenced him for ten years to Siberia. Such is what the poet calls love and the judge justice. It is expected that the Czar will respite part of the punishment when the sentence is submitted for ratification. Meanwhile, the gay Lothario who has caused all this tempest and trouble is at large, and, no doubt, on the war-path in search of another excitement. I hear he is excessively good-looking.

A friend travelling in Italy writes with deep pathos on the inconveniences and torments he has had to put up with lately on account of the paucity of silver coin. The currency is depressed and silver scarce to such an extent that if one does not set forth with a sufficient stock of small money for all wants they will have to go unsupplied. It seems incredible that one might go from end to end of Venice with a five-franc piece without getting it changed, while as to a fifty-franc note whole families might club their resources together without finding its equivalent in small change. It reminds one of the celebrated five-pound note which Thackeray tried to liquidate in County Cork. There is no silver money at refreshment places along the railways, or even at the station itself. And my friend is at once comic and pathetic in the way he deplores the impossibility of a cup of coffee or a glass of wine if it necessitated asking for change when tendering payment. What can be said of the disastrous financial system which must prevail when such things are possible to ordinary travellers?

The Queen's Indian Munshi, Hafiz Abdul Karim, has now no less than three separate residences all to himself—at Balmoral, Windsor, and Osborne—which have been furnished and presented to him by her Majesty. In addition, the Queen has bought and furnished a residence in India for his relatives there, and the favoured functionary was granted three months' leave of absence in order that he might proceed to the East and see that his dusky relatives were comfortably installed in their new abode. Abdul Karim's residence in the grounds at Balmoral is a model of comfort and elegance, and the furniture and fittings leave nothing to be desired. Providing special-dwellings for him doubtless saves considerable trouble, as he and his attendants always insisted upon separate kitchens and feeding quarters, and were generally most troublesome and exacting. Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household, must, therefore, be heartily relieved that private accommodation has been found for them.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.

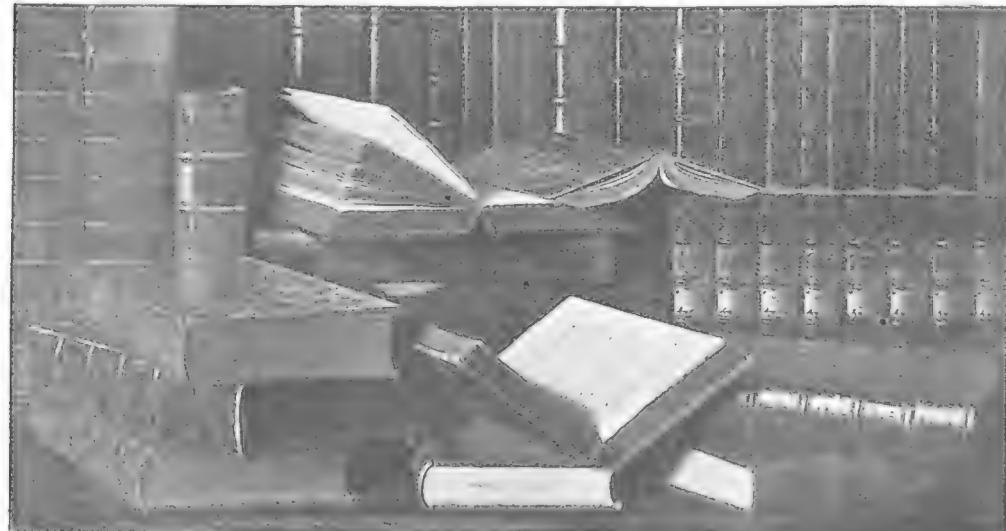


CHARLOTTE CORDAY, GUILLOTINED JULY 17, 1793.

IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY AT WASHINGTON.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown's death removes from the ranks of English painters one of a peculiarly provincial reputation. Mr. Brown may be



"THE WEALTH OF THE MIND IS THE ONLY TRUE WEALTH."—L. BLOCK.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

said, indeed, never to have achieved a London vogue; nor was it altogether strange that he did not do so. His ideas and his accomplishment were a strange mixture of provincialism, simplicity, and undaunted resolution—all qualities which, save the last, do not usually win the patronage of London.

Some will call Mr. Brown's work quaint and unconsciously amusing rather than artistic and aesthetic; and, indeed, it is certain that this

artist was lacking in a sense of humour. He loved a certain gauntness of pose, a determined awkwardness of gesture, which have their more intimate relations rather with early Byzantine art than with the freer art of this day. And, therefore, it was natural that he should espouse the cause of the Pre-Raphaelites, the leader of whom, Rossetti, so far surpassed him—even from a pictorial point of view—in the qualities of graciousness, of dignity, and of reticence.

Yet, allowing for the grimness and unattractive nature of his subjects, it cannot be denied that Mr. Ford Madox Brown displayed an undoubted gift of colours, sometimes of composition, and, more rarely, of sunlight and shade. His was a simple art with rather a pathetic strife for greatness, but it never strove for more than it showed, and it accordingly avoided all that made the art and life of Haydon tragic.

Thus death has been very busy with us just lately, and has coincidently carried away two singular painters upon whom the Royal Academy never showered honours. Mr. Madox Brown, indeed, never coveted those honours, never sought them, but worked very silently and in retirement. He endured much from criticism—was it not a Manchester merchant who declared that he could sell paper at fourpence a yard better than this painter's frescoes?—but he did not appear to give it much heed. Mr. Albert Moore, however, as is well known, did court Academy favour for many years, until, disgusted with the continued indifference of that body, he finally withdrew his candidature for the honours of Associateship. The death

of Miss Montalba, simultaneously with the death of these others, adds to our losses among contemporary artists.

The death of Sir Charles Eastlake's widow recalls two careers which were very much bound up in each other. Elizabeth Rigby, as her name was when the courtly President of the Royal Academy married her, had already made her name known in literary circles by her "Letters from the Shores of the Baltic" and by her "Livonian Tales." Subsequently



EVANGÉLINE.—E. LEMÉNOREL.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

to the publication of the first of these works she translated, under the supervision of Mr. Eastlake—as then he was—Kugler's "Handbook of Painting: The Italian Schools," and from time to time this work was published in later editions with her careful corrections and enlightened emendations. It is said that she contributed articles to the *Quarterly Review* upon painting and pictures, which represented the views rather of the accomplished husband than of her own mind, and those articles are stated to have been of a somewhat dogmatical nature.

In 1869 she edited the "Life of Sir John Gibson, R.A.," with whom she had formed a friendship during a lengthy residence in Rome; and, at another period, she completed Mrs. Jameson's work upon "The History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art," which had been left unfinished by reason of the death of that distinguished authoress. Still later, she issued a series of essays on Fine Art, which had been written by her husband, and to which she prefixed a really charming

the Prince of Wales marks another step in that onward progress. As Sir James Linton pointed out in his opening address, a quarter of a century ago the ten square miles of poorer London, which houses a full third of the population, had, with the one venerable exception of the Dulwich Gallery, no public library, no art gallery, no museum; and now by the munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards, South London possesses art treasures, in a new and magnificent building, equivalent to £30,000. It is assuredly not the fault of benefactors such as Mr. Edwards if these poorer and less favoured inhabitants of London do not begin to make themselves acquainted with the art of their own and of past times. But the next thing necessary is to give them teachers, and that is an even more difficult thing than to discover a benefactor.

Within a very short period of time Paris will be enriched by a new monument, that of Barye, which is to be erected in the Quartier de l'Arsenal, and will be composed of selected groups from the works of



LA PLACE SAINT SULPICE.—J. F. RAFFAELLI.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

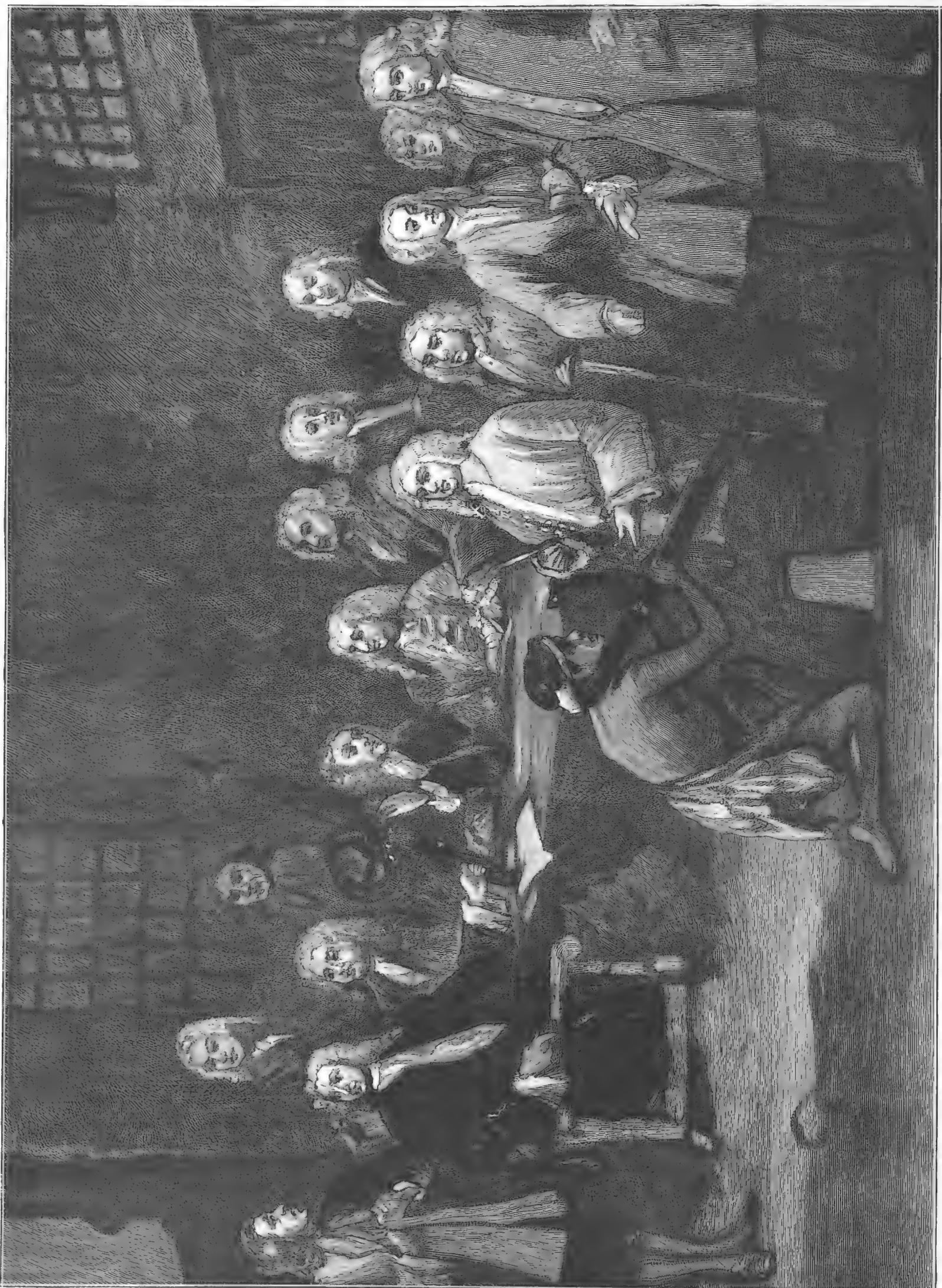
and sympathetic essay upon her husband's life work. What the value of that work was it is not the time to say now. Visitors to the National Gallery may judge his painting impartially; but they should always remember that as President of the Royal Academy he fulfilled a difficult position with precisely those qualities of tact and courtliness and accomplishment which distinguish the present President of that venerable institution.

Our chronicle is all of deaths, a sad and sorrowful coincidence with the deepening of these autumnal days. A flower-painter of considerable repute, Miss Mutrie, died the other day at Brighton, the last survivor of two sisters whose work in this province was once very cordially appreciated. It is scarcely worth while to do more than merely record the fact in these columns, and to leave the long list of her works, which were very numerous, to speak for themselves. We must, however, note that she had a great devotion to her art, that she had a refined sense of colour, and that she was selected for special praise by Mr. Ruskin, who cordially admired her work.

South London grows constantly richer in its artistic advantages, and the opening of the new Art Galleries in Peckham on the 9th by

that distinguished sculptor. These will be all of more or less classical value: "Force et l'Ordre," "Le Lion au Serpent," and "Thésée et le Centaure." The first will be executed in marble, the last two in bronze, and a medallion portrait of Barye by M. Marqueste will complete the monument, the pedestal of which has been designed by M. Bernier.

The National Gallery has acquired the famous picture of "The Trial of the Governor of the Fleet," painted by Hogarth, and lent by Lord Carlisle two years ago for the Guelph Exhibition. Hogarth painted the picture to the commission of Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, an enterprising Aberdeenshire laird, who was one of the committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the malpractices of Huggins, the warden, and Bambridge, the deputy-warden of the Fleet Prison. Huggins had bought the wardenship for £5000, stipulating for its reversion to his son. He sold his interest to his deputy, Bambridge, who was tried at the Old Bailey on the charge of murdering a prisoner named Castell. The latter had been sent to a sponging-house, and died there of smallpox. He was acquitted, upon which Castell's widow brought an appeal against him. A second time he escaped, and lived for some twenty years after, when he ended a weary and wicked life by cutting his throat.

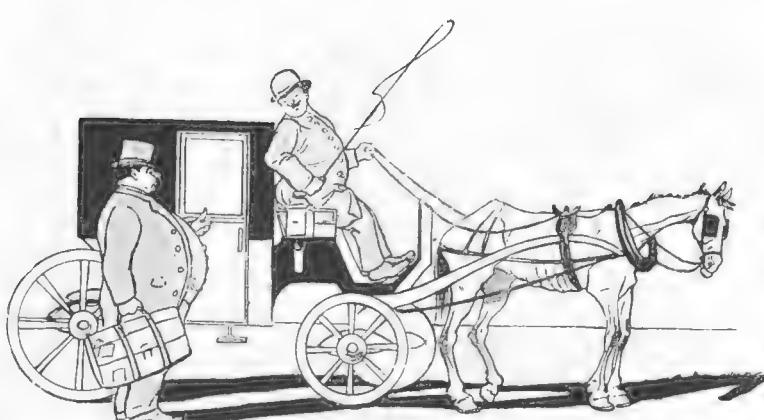


THE TRIAL OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE FLEET.—HOGARTH.

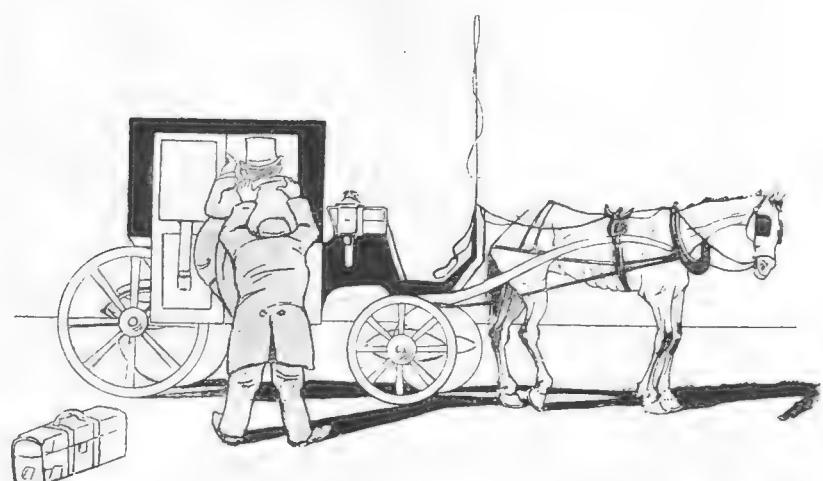
THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

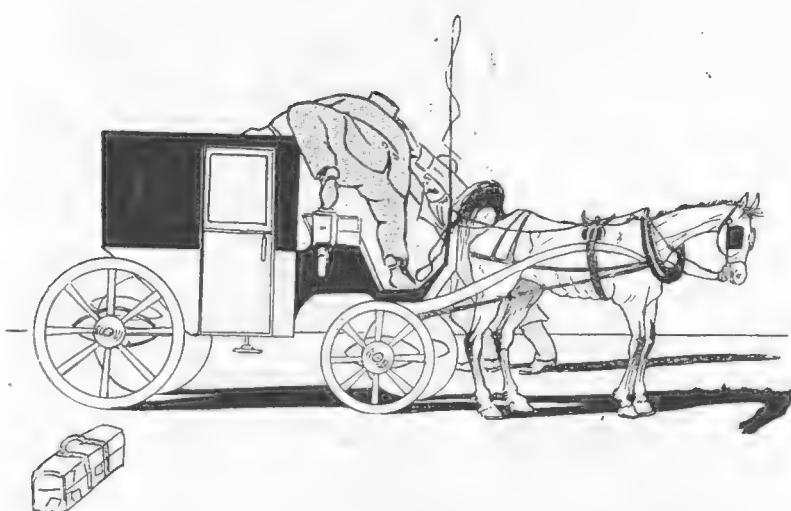
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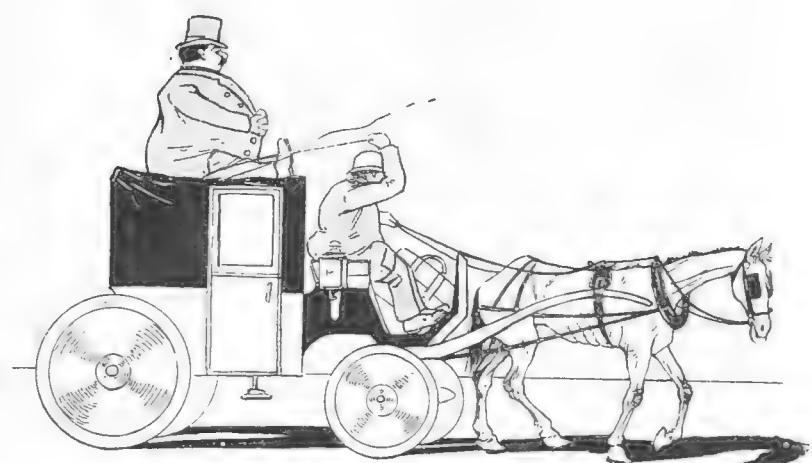
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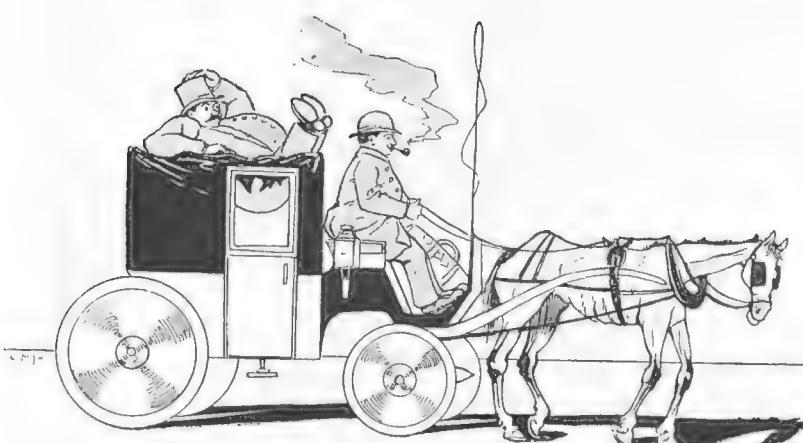
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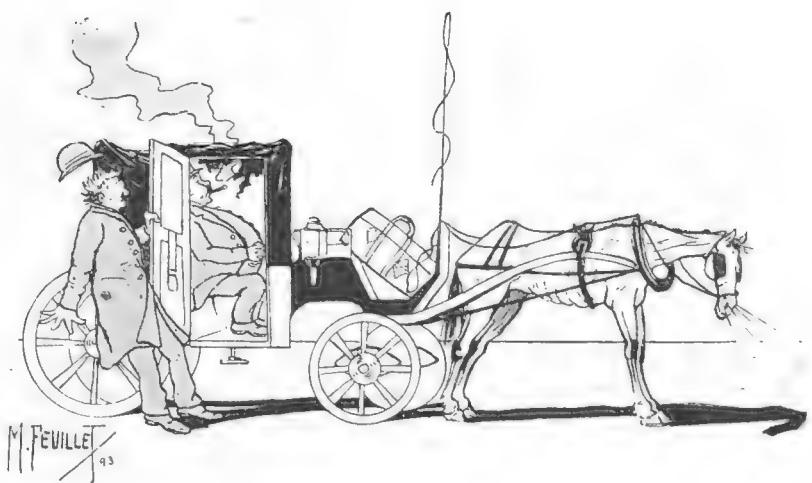
IV.



V.



VI.





WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

LADY : " You have not sent that stout round yet which I ordered in the morning ? "

VILLAGE SHOPKEEPER : " No, Mum. Please Mum, the message boy as 'ad to go to his music lesson, an' with 'is club in the hevenin' he can't bring 'em till te-morrer ! "



"All right, Guy'nor, I'll stand for yer; but you ain't going to make a caricatoor of me, are yer?"
"No, no; I won't caricature you. What I want is a portrait just exactly as you are, you know."



MINISTER (to John): "Well, John, I'm verra sorry you've lost yer cow."

JOHN: "Aye, Sir, it's an awfu' blow. I'd rather it had been ma mather-in-law."

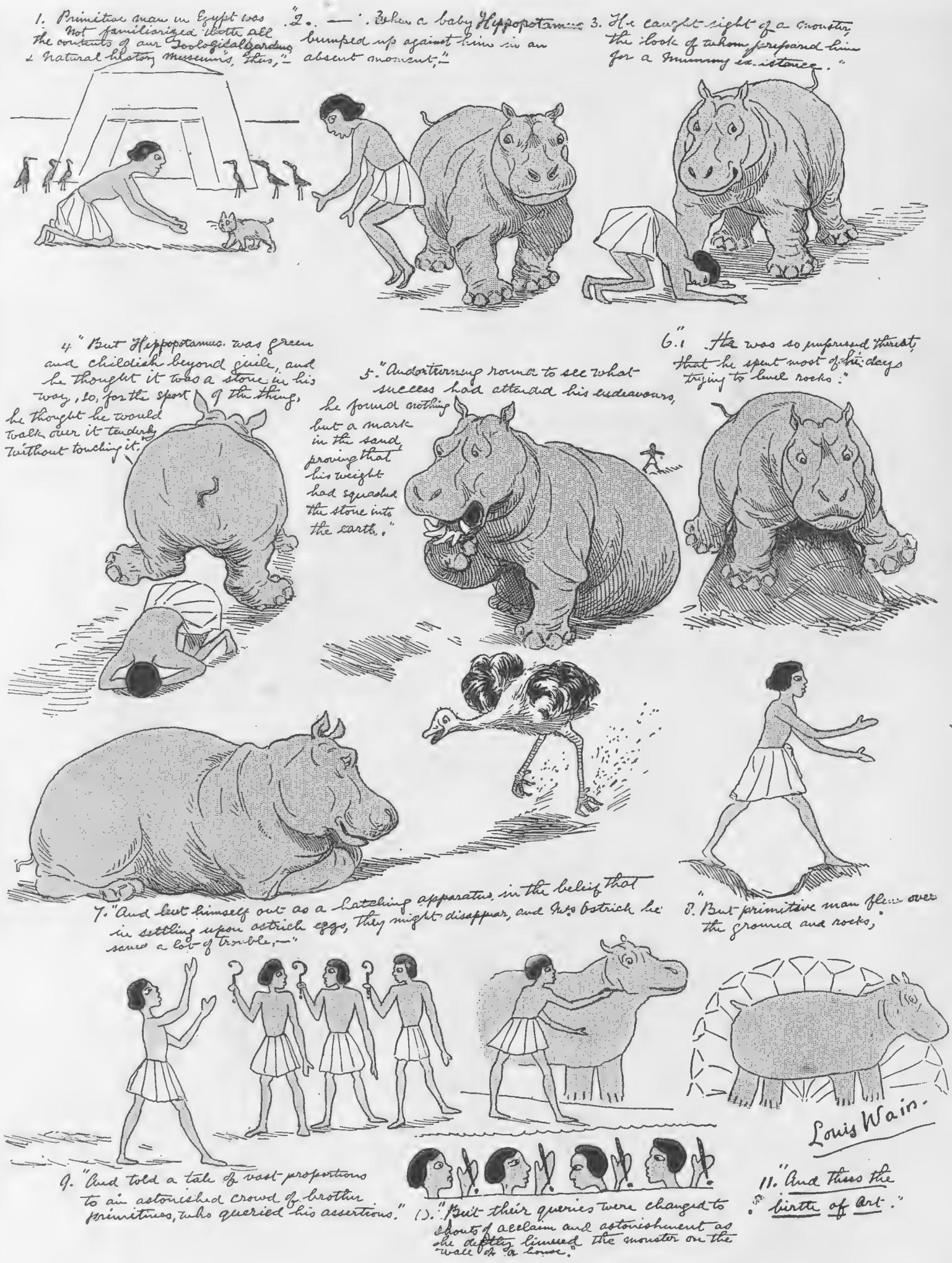
MINISTER: "John, John——"

JOHN: "Well, Sir, you see, *she* ain't got even the milk of human kindness."



IN PLEDGE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





MR. TREE IN "THE TEMPTER": THE SONG OF THE RICKETY CREW.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The civilised world has been convulsed by the news that Mr. Tom Mann contemplated turning himself into the Reverend Thomas. Labour was preparing to mourn one of its most honest leaders; various parties in the Church were making ready to exploit or suppress the new force. But the rumour was premature. We are credibly informed that Mr. Tom Mann has not yet made up his mind. Till he has done so, we breathe again.

But if one of our tribunes were to become a curate, it would be nothing new in history. Centuries back he would have been a Franciscan friar or a Lollard preacher, like those colleagues of Wat Tyler whose monosyllabic names are strangely akin to those of our "Labour leaders." Why not the Reverend Tom Mann as well as Father John Ball? And the interaction of two influences at present estranged, if not hostile, would probably be for good. Hitherto the attempts to harmonise them have been almost uniformly unhappy. A "Christian Socialist" is apt to be uncomfortable in either his Socialism or his Christianity, or both. An ecclesiastical dignitary who throws himself warmly on one side of a social or economic dispute incurs, and sometimes with justice, the reproach of "playing to the gallery," and buying applause at the cost of his impartiality and the credit of his position. An agitator who enters a hierarchy with traditions of venerable antiquity and memories of past supremacy hanging round it is generally sobered, sometimes scared into nonentity by the mere pressure of an organisation that he does not understand, a vast ecclesiastical trades union of which he is not the secretary.

So it is quite possible that the entry of Mr. Tom Mann into holy orders would produce no such epoch-making consequences as some evening papers seemed to expect. We might have to say, parodying the phrase invented for the Duc d'Artois, "Nothing is changed in the Church; there is only one curate the more." Yet the experiment is worth making, as, indeed, all experiments are worth making that may tend to bridge over the gulf—rather one of ignorance than of enmity—between the "classes" and the "masses," between gentility and Bentilley.

In one respect, truly, the leaders of Labour are well fitted to stand in any pulpit, and vie with any clergy of any denomination—I mean their capacity for arousing and fully occupying the faculty of belief in their congregations. Compared with the magnificent assertions of the agitator, the strongest statements of the orthodox cleric fade into insignificance. Take, for example, a brace of statements that have been going the round of the Press with regard to the present colliery dispute. Writers and speakers have been reiterating that the standard of wages just before the strike gave the miners the absolute minimum of sustenance, and no more, and, thus, that no reduction can be agreed to. But these wages are admittedly forty per cent. higher than those given some years ago, and the prices of necessaries and luxuries have rather fallen than risen since that time. Therefore, if the wage of to-day is a "bare subsistence," that of years ago must have been considerably less than the necessary minimum. Therefore, the miners had not, for years, had enough to support life. Therefore, they are all dead—which is absurd.

And the second case is like unto the first. A certain agitator declared that, what with short time and all sorts of iniquitous deductions, the average collier only earned some thirteen shillings a week, even under the late scale of wages. Nevertheless, he and his friends are allowing the miners to go back to work on that meagre pittance, on condition that each contributes some five or six shillings weekly to the support of men on strike, thus, *ex hypothesi*, leaving himself with the magnificent stipend of seven or eight shillings a week, or about half of what might be justly described as a "bare sustenance"—which is impossible. That the average collier only earned some thirteen shillings a week in comparatively prosperous times is, indeed, a hard saying, when one remembers the stories of the pianos, of the bull pups and greyhounds that those down-trodden paupers managed to provide out of their wretched pittances; but those who make such an assertion ought really not to straightway contradict their words by their actions. "We don't expect grammar," said the justly aggrieved audience at the traditional minor theatre, "but you might join your flats." So we, too, do not expect strict accuracy and serupulous impartiality from an avowed partisan leader; but we do expect his utterances and actions to have, at least, some plausible appearance of compatibility.

Meanwhile, worthy and charitable people are taking steps more creditable to their hearts than to their heads. They do not pronounce which side is right in the dispute between colliers and colliery proprietors—not they; they are far from wishing to assist the miners

against their employers. They will only feed the wives and children of the colliers. They do not seem to see that they are interfering very effectively in the struggle on one side by their charitable action.

While awaiting the time to make up his mind as to ordination, I see that the not-yet-Reverend Tom has delivered a sort of lay sermon (to an accompaniment of cheers and hisses) in the appropriately named St. Thomas's Chapel, Hackney, of old a resort for those preachers of broad and undefined views who, like the hero of Gus Elen's ballad, "dunno where they are." It would certainly add to the interest of Sunday services if the precedent were followed in other churches, and if we could have liberty—in moderation—to express dissent or approbation, or weariness or disgust. The right should only be used in extreme cases; but there are preachers who abuse the vantage-ground of the pulpit, and the knowledge that conventional reverence forbids reply or public disapproval. So do public speakers, when they have had the last opponent "chucked" from their hall, and all is unity and enthusiasm. But then, at any rate, they can see their speeches next day in the local journal, and repent of their wild assertions.

I fear we could not publish all sermons in local journals: the journals would hardly survive that.

MARMITON.

FROM MR. WALTER BESANT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In this week's number of *The Sketch* I find a letter addressed to myself. I must ask you kindly to allow me a reply in a letter addressed to you.

In the first place, you are wrong in assuming that I am the writer of the parable about the chair which appeared in the *Author* of September. I did not write it. Nor is it usual to assume that the editor of a paper writes the unsigned articles which appear in his columns. This being the case, therefore, I need not defend or attack that parable.

In the second place, had you by happy chance read over the pages of the October number of the *Author*, you might have read my views on the subject, signed, so that there could be no mistake. And I am quite sure that they perfectly agree with your own. I ask, you will see, for a fair warning beforehand if the editor does not want outsiders to try their hand. Then nobody can grumble. If outsiders are invited, courteous treatment is, of course, a necessary corollary. The following is what I said and signed, *Author*, October 1893—

As to the question of uninvited contributions, concerning which certain editors have been writing with some irritation, it appears to me that nothing can be more simple. The editor has only to follow the practice of those papers which state every week in plain terms what is their rule. The editor of the *Saturday Review*, for instance, neither asks for, nor refuses, communications from outsiders or beginners; he only advertises that he will not return papers sent to him, and that he will not enter into correspondence with writers of rejected MSS. That is perfectly straightforward. No one, after such a notice, has any right to complain when his offering is not accepted or returned. One London editor, however, says that if editors are to be "badgered" they will give up receiving MSS. from beginners. I am quite sure they will do nothing of the kind. It is a most tedious work, doubtless, to read MSS., mostly worthless; but here and there a new man may come along who is far above the average. Then there is not only a good article secured, but a good and fresh writer retained for the paper. Cannot editors perceive that all that is wanted is, first, a clear understanding between themselves and outsiders whether MSS. are invited or not, and then the ordinary courtesies which are observed in every other kind of business? As for the actual points in dispute, they belong either to common courtesy or to common honesty. As the editors of the leading journals are presumably gentlemen, what have these points to do with them? There are, however, editors or proprietors who make it their rule never to treat their unfortunate contributors with any courtesy at all, never to pay him until he sends a lawyer's letter, to pay him a miserable dole on compulsion, and, in general, to treat him with the utmost contumely. Cannot editors of respectable papers make common cause with us in exposing these persons and interfering with their practices. I invite editors to read the "Contributor's" views on the subject.

The paper referred to is in the same number, and is an attempt, at least, to state the case reasonably.

Without such a warning every editor is, and will continue to be, inundated by MSS. The Young Author, unless warned off, will continue to think that the doors of every paper are open to him. I always thought so myself when I was an outsider. I owe, for instance, a connection which lasted a good many years with *Temple Bar* to sending in an uninvited paper by an outsider. In the same way I effected a connection—once very important to me—with a certain daily. Also, by once offering a paper I became a frequent contributor to the *British Quarterly*. Since then I have advised many young writers as to the magazines in which their papers, judging partly by the subject and partly by the style, would have the best chance of acceptance. I am personally guilty, therefore, first of having been an outsider; and, next, of advising outsiders. You yourself, my dear Editor, grumble: it is the privilege of the editor to grumble—Thackeray set the example—at the inundation of papers, but you evidently do not wish to close your doors to outsiders. And as to the rest—that common courtesy and common honesty follow—we are, of course, perfectly agreed. I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

WALTER BESANT.

Froginal, N.W., Oct. 7, 1893.

[Clearly Mr. Besant is not a regular reader of *The Sketch*. He takes us too seriously.—ED.]

AMAZONS AT HOME.

"Will it be something lingering, with boiling oil in it," I wondered, as I shook hands with the popular manager of the Oxford, Mr. Brighten,

"if by ill chance I should give offence to Gumma, chief of the Amazons, or any of her mighty women of war?"

For I knew that the people of Dahomey had a little weakness for torture and human gore, delighting to sacrifice to their fetishes by decapitation or hanging, by burning or crucifixion, for even so trivial an offence as sneezing in front of the king's palace, dropping a banana, or spilling palm oil in the public streets—which proves how primitive are the Dahomeyans, for it is by the dropping of palm oil into ready hands that the wise ones of other climes win their way to a desired goal, whether it be a coveted appointment or the cosiest table in a fashionable restaurant.

I had seen the famous Amazon and her splendid troupe before at a respectful distance. Now I was to "meet Bombastes face to face," and know these magnificent specimens of womanhood at home in Amazonia, as it is established for the time being next the corner of busy Oxford Street and prosaic Tottenham Court Road. An artist colleague accompanied me, and

we were chaperoned by Mr. Pinkhurst, the manager of the troupe. A weird, black form, in a red-and-yellow petticoat, flitted past us on the stairs, and to the throb of a tom-tom and fitful outbursts of laughter and war-whoops we threw open a painted door and found ourselves in the Amazons' kitchen.



THE HAIR-DRESSER.

A strange scene, in truth, to be witnessed within a stone's throw of Frascati's and the good old "Horse-Shoe." Upon a gas stove stood pots and bowls of rice, meat cut in solid inch-and-a-half cubes, fish, and gravy, apparently boiling hot. Two cooks, evidently anxious not to spoil the broth, hung over the stove regardless of the fierce heat. And what cooks they were! Petticoats of vivid scarlet and yellow reached to their knees, strings of cowrie shells, gleaming whitely against the smooth brown skin, glossy as the coat of a hundred-guinea bay, and not unpleasantly odorous of cinnamon oil, crossed and re-crossed their shapely busts. Metal ornaments, like broken bits or stirrups, shone and clinked lightly as they poured out the steaming broth into their brown palms, testing it with their tongues; and their fuzzy black heads were crowned with cream-coloured fezzes, embellished with elephants of the sixpenny Noah's Ark or old-world "sampler" school of art, brilliant in crudest yellow, red, and green.

With the exception of Gumma, I did not know the names of any of my nice new coloured friends, and it might have been the skilful Mahbondoh, or the agile Joj'oh, Jassá, or Fehrá, or Allekutum who



A GENTLEMAN WARRIOR HAS TO CLEAN THE SINK.

desired to pay me a somewhat embarrassing attention. Carefully selecting a juicy chunk of meat from its environment of rice and gravy, she bit a piece from it and courteously presented it for me to do the same. A wild thought came to me: might it not mean death to refuse? But as it seemed just a shade worse than death to accept, I intimated in polite pantomime that I had lunched, and my dumb-crambo apology, accentuated by the offer of a cigarette, was accepted. A few moments later, after being favoured with a hand-grip by the cook and a private view of the biceps muscle of a warrior engaged for the time in the peaceful occupation of "washing-up," Gumma herself appeared, and graciously permitted an introduction.

Tall, graceful, with a figure such as Phidias or Praxiteles need not have disdained to model, the famous Amazon has a fine face, with great, sad eyes, with a far-away look in them, even when she smiled, showing a superb set of teeth, as she told me that she liked London and the sunshine, and thought the Crystal Palace a wonderful place. Gumma's English was almost as limited as my knowledge of Dahomeyese, but before she left us I delicately suggested that so notable an Amazon must have killed many men. She did not deny the soft impeachment, yet, looking at her great, dark eyes, I could not help feeling that Gumma was gentle at heart and that her Amazonian feats were due to "circumstance" rather than to "character."



THE COOK MEANS TO GET THE STEW JUST RIGHT—BY A SERIES OF TASTERS.

From the kitchen we went to the living-room, labelled "Chief Warrior Ge Cás, No. 1." Here the scene was bizarre in the extreme. Shapely, dusky figures stood, sat, or reclined in picturesque attitudes, full of unconscious grace, and for the moment I felt like a cross between a white Adam surrounded by a bevy of coffee-coloured Eves and a latter-day Daniel in a den of Dahomey lions. Yet, the alleged natural brutality of the natives was by no means apparent in this laughing, chattering crowd, and the strong contrasts of colour, pose, and occupation were grotesquely funny as well as an artistic delight.

Here, a brown-skinned woman of magnificent physique bent over a lithe and graceful kneeling girl, "doing" her hair with a long-toothed wooden comb; there, another lay, stretched at full length upon a mattress, smoking a white clay pipe. Hard by stood a little fetish girl, with a stuck-out petticoat of multi-coloured, crinkly fibre, and in a corner, resting her fine head upon a faultlessly moulded arm, reclined Gumma, with a pensive expression upon her face and the far-away look in her eyes, which

made one think of "The Slave's Dream"—

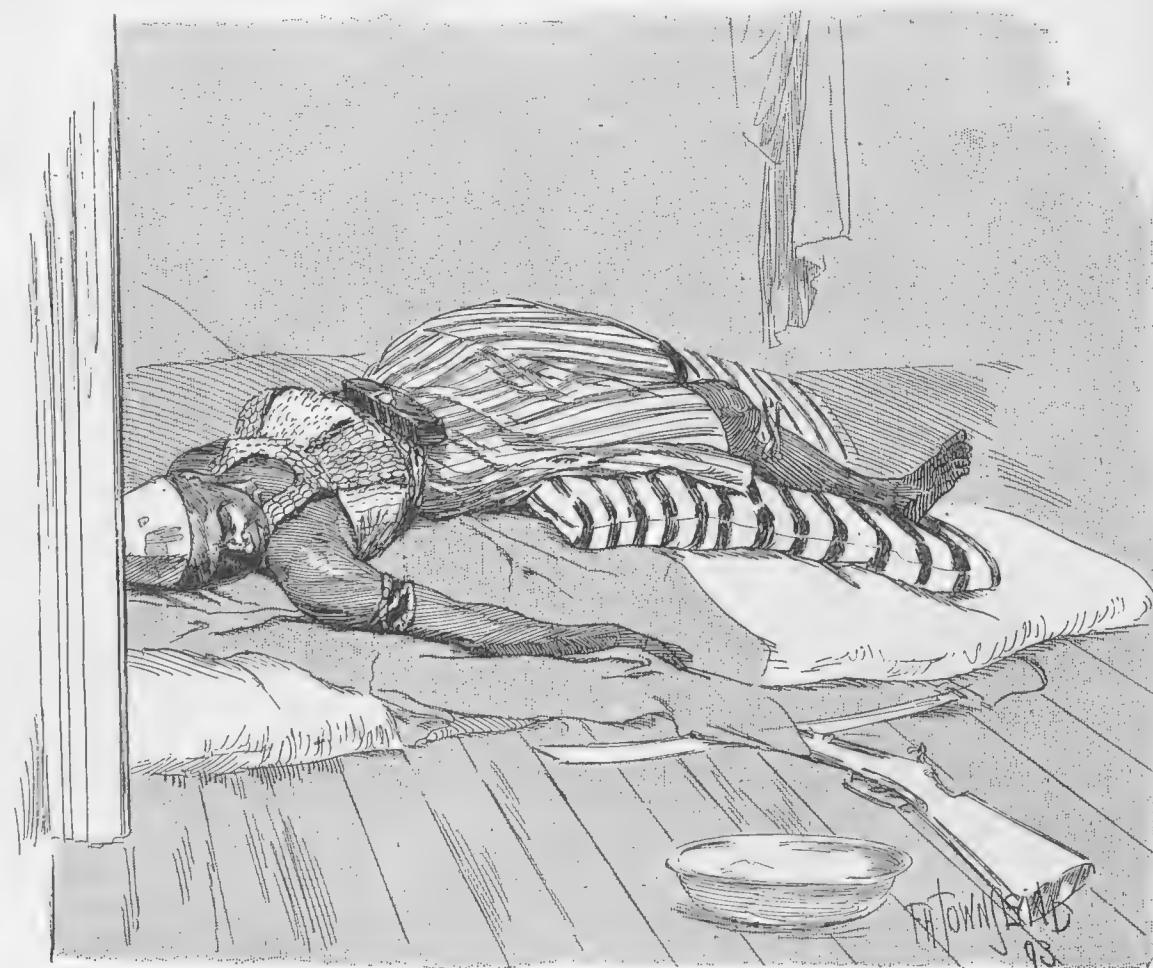
Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

Gumma, pleased as she is with her popularity and success, looked as though her thoughts flew back now and again, not without regret, to the days when she was chief of the eight hundred women warriors told off to guard the palace of the King of Abomey—a monster whom it would be gross flattery to describe as an abominable king.

A score of curious and comical details of the picture fixed themselves in the memory. The ebony male warrior who, after cramming his dinner down his throat with both hands, executed a digestive dance as a shakedown; the grim medicine man, crouching on the floor with one bare foot on a naked sword,

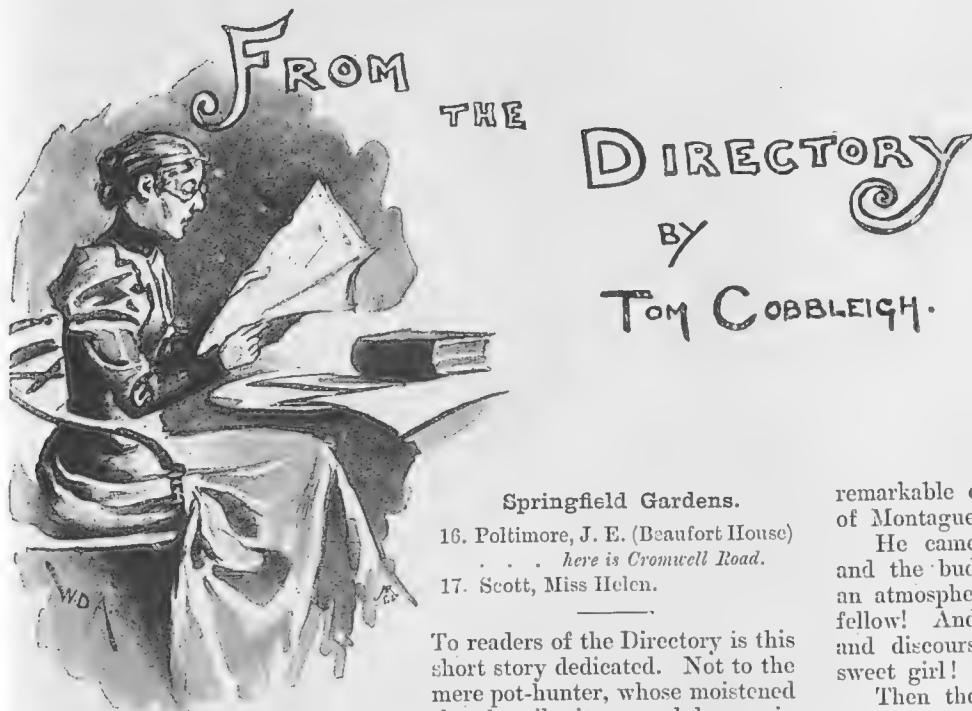
but who unbent enough to take a pinch of snuff with relish; the grotesque fetish man, with his madly vigorous dance; the swagger of a buxom Amazon with a big cigar; the frank enjoyment of their novel life by the whole grinning, gabbling troupe—all these were things to be remembered. But, above all and before all, will stand out always the dignified, graceful, pathetic figure of the leader, Gumma—of the courteous manner, the soft voice, and the pathetic eyes, which seemed to look right away from London to the Dark Continent, and to see the grim glories of her native land, to which, no doubt, her heart is true, albeit that her life in it was surrounded by mad fanaticism, brutal cruelty, and perpetual peril of a violent death.

It is absolute fearlessness, complete indifference to suffering, torture, or death, which redeem the savagery of the Dahomeyans. In truth, Gumma alone is a living proof that even in this curious race there are elements of greatness, and it was with a good deal of sympathy and a certain admiration that we at last took leave of our Amazons at home.



LA SIESTA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Springfield Gardens.

16. Poltimore, J. E. (Beaufort House)
here is Cromwell Road.

17. Scott, Miss Helen.

To readers of the Directory is this short story dedicated. Not to the mere pot-hunter, whose moistened thumb soils its sacred leaves in haste to verify an address, but to

the poetic soul which scents romance along its runic columns. To a rosy maid, who opens by chance its blushing covers to chase a noble patronymic through miles of streets, terraces, and roads—to all elderly watering-place spinsters and widows, who love the visitors' list, and feel their old hearts glow to learn that General Forbes-Price (whom they do not know) has come to 56, and Lady Maria Castlehoe (for whom they will presently search in the Peerage) has taken the furnished house at the end of the Crescent—to myself, who from its pages draw a daily inspiration, as one great man is said to do from Homer, I dedicate these lines—together with such emolument as may accrue.

Springfield is a suburb of the sleepy old city of Amblesbury. The Gardens, enclosed with handsome iron palisades, are surrounded by a square of the most aristocratic houses in the neighbourhood, with lofty pillared porticoes and deep areas, which fire the imagination with dreams of dinners.

From the garden gate, exactly opposite the Cromwell Road, you can see it all—all the scene of this story. Mr. Poltimore's house and Miss Scott's, at the opposite corners of the road, the General's house a little farther down (for he is only occasionally at the seaside), and perhaps young Montague Forbes walking up the street. Of a mild winter day you may see the blackbirds shyly skulking under the laurel shrubbery, the starlings rising from the lawn to the housetops, and the finches passing with undulating flight from the silver-birches to the copper-beech, as little Miss Scott takes her morning walk to and fro upon the gravel path.

They need not fear her. She is so much like one of themselves. Such a dainty little lady! Scarcely over five feet tall—she cannot walk far, and in summer she sits upon the garden chair. And this is all her world—the corners, the road, the path, and a garden-chair: excepting, of course, her drawing-room, which has two windows, one opening upon the Gardens, one on Cromwell Road. At these she alternately sits, reading pictorial papers, meditating upon the movements of her Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and all the Royal Family, or peeping over her gold glasses at her more immediate neighbours.

It were hard to say which interested her most, royalty or the respectable families of that district, until one afternoon Montague Forbes walked home with Edith Poltimore, and stood chatting a minute or so under the portico. From that moment her neighbours demanded her concentrated attention.

She constantly weighed the matter with kindly anxiety to give no man short measure.

Would the General approve? Mr. Poltimore was certainly rich and very respectable. But the Forbeses, to say nothing of the engrafted Price, were by far the better family. And so she watched with breathless interest.

Should difficulties arise, her sympathies were with the Poltimores. Many people admired Edith, so tall and graceful, with such beautiful black hair; but who could help admiring Mr. Poltimore? Every morning at nine his little blue brougham, with the bay horse and respectable man-servant, came round to the door, and Mr. Poltimore, in flowing frock-coat, descended the white steps. A black watered ribbon meandered to the pince-nez, tucked between the buttons of his spacious white waistcoat. An old-fashioned gold chain traversed the snowy regions of his shirt-front, and found a north-west passage round his poll. His left hand, issuing to fasten the door, wore rings, but nothing fanciful or meretricious—a signet, and the wedding-ring and keeper of his dead wife.

Even his infirmities were impressive. The portliness which would have made a common man coarse added dignity to his movements, and when he bowed his baldness shone with benevolence. His massive shaven chin and bushy eyebrows were almost ugly, yet positively fascinating.

A human heart denied a history, what can it do but live upon the lives and loves of others? For years Miss Scott had watched Mr. Poltimore depart, and often of an evening witnessed his return. Once, when his white hand waved an adieu from the brougham window to Edith standing on the steps, the little lady shed tears. It was so beautiful, this rich domestic life! But the soul which shone from those sweet grey eyes saw nothing that was not beautiful.

Neighbours used to look in upon Miss Scott occasionally. But she was not prepared for the series of remarkable coincidences which followed quickly upon her observation of Montague Forbes and Edith Poltimore.

He came quite frequently with his easy manners, his smile, and the budding moustache which he industriously twirled, bringing an atmosphere of fresh air and racy anecdote. He was such a dear fellow! And she brought hot-house flowers and last month's magazines, and discoursed enchantingly on contemplated costumes. She was a sweet girl!

Then they were there together. An anxious moment for Miss Scott when he entered her drawing-room upon the first inopportune visit. She became tremulous with responsibility. Her heart fluttered between hope and fear as if suddenly possessed of an incipient passion. For all she saw she felt, and her quick eye caught glances flashing from one to



She came back slowly, with a slight cough.

the other. They warmed and brightened her kindly nature, brought back the verdancy of youth, and covered it with flowers of romance.

"Excuse me, my dear, one moment. I must run and fetch my—"

She ran, fearful and palpitating, as if fleeing from an infection, and came back slowly, with a slight cough.

Is love infectious? Or is there something in a love-laden air which predisposes to that fever?

When Mr. Poltimore next called to pay his little client her dividends, no longer merely the solicitor, but the confidential friend, he sat long, conversing with surpassing beauty.

"My dear lady," he said, in his deep voice, "I thank you for your congratulations. If anything can mitigate the loss of an only and beloved child, it is to know that she will pass into good hands. And for young Forbes I have a regard—a very deep regard."

From that quarter-day, Mr. Poltimore frequently called upon Miss Scott. He needed advice, he said. Think of it! The great Mr. Poltimore, with his acres of white waistcoat taking advice. Miss Scott thought of it continually, and was flattered. He was so nice, so dignified, so magnificent in every movement, and yet could condescend to little compliments which fascinated her.

It became clear that he was paying her attentions, and she used to look forward to his visits, and blush when she heard his step upon the stairs.

She loved Mr. Poltimore. No doubt it was ridiculous, but it was intensely real.

The young people incurred matrimony in the autumn, and are still living in Cromwell Road, where they have undertaken all the

He spoke a little like a lover, but more like a legal adviser. They were neither young, so that was just as well.

But now that it became practicable the idea seemed impossible. One touch of actuality burst the bubble of romance, and the dream of the last few weeks vanished. She was grateful—even exultant; but she was afraid; and in her agitation she rose abruptly and left the room. Presently Mr. Poltimore creaked downstairs in his patent shoes, and walked home unanswered.

That evening she wrote him a letter. She respected him above everyone, was grateful to him for all his kindness, but she would never marry.

Yet this offer rounded off her little life. She watched from the window more persistently than ever, feeling a sort of proprietorship in Mr. Poltimore. The universe seemed only a coarse setting for this jewel. The sun was so hot, the east wind must be so trying for poor Mr. Poltimore; and she thought he grew thin and old, until one spring evening the brougham did not return as usual, although she waited and wondered until it was dark. That night there came a whisper that something had happened to Mr. Poltimore.

He was found dead in his office.

Dark rumours followed. But latterly he had suffered much, and was known to resort to narcotics to allay his pain. The coroner's jury found he had taken an overdose of chlorodyne from inadvertence; but the world knew better when it learnt what he had done.

So little Miss Scott lost her dividends—everything she had, except the houses in the Gardens and her faith in Mr. Poltimore. "He was cut off so suddenly," she moaned. "All would have been different had he lived."

Then she left the neighbourhood and took lodgings in a narrow street, where there was no grass, no path, no garden-seat. She takes no walks now, but once a week is wheeled out in a bath-chair. Whither she goes nobody knows nor nobody cares. But she can still afford the pictorial papers and the *Morning Post*, and read with deep interest that General Forbes-Price was at Lady Maria Castlehoe's funeral last week.

The General is round-faced, red, and irascible. As a rule, he prefers whisky to a funeral, and perhaps he was a little out of sorts.

"Who on earth puts flowers on that old rogue's grave?" he muttered to himself as he was driven slowly past.

A QUEER COLONY.

A curious story is told by a New York paper: "Twenty years ago, William Wright, of Nottingham, was charged with the larceny of £1000 from the vaults of the Nottingham Lace Company, whose gauzy fabrics are famous the world over. Wright protested his innocence, and bore himself like a man.

But his accuser was powerful. In the course of time his life withered away under the cloud, his mother died, heartbroken from the shock, and his wife deserted him for another. For eighteen months he languished in agony as great as any living man may know, and almost universally adjudged to be not only a thief but a liar. Conviction followed trial, and transportation to the penal colonies stared him in the face. Just then the money was found; it had never been stolen. Life in Nottingham had lost its charms for Wright, and among those who had respected and admired him in his prosperity he made up a colony of one hundred friends, with whom he emigrated to Albert Island. Since then the Wright colony has prospered; peace and happiness have crowned its labours, and the despised convict of Nottingham has become a little king in his own domain. News of this remarkable community has just been brought to San Francisco (and telegraphed thence to New York) by Henry A. Bell, one of the original colonists, who has landed on the Pacific Slope *en route* for England."

A CHEAP WAY OF TRAVELLING.

That exalted mode of locomotion which takes the form of walking on stilts is perhaps practised more frequently in the figurative sense than any other. Ladies have a partiality for the exercise, and now and then overstep the domestic horizon by mounting these instruments of masculine punishment. A baker from Arcachon has, however, adopted the stilt in the flesh, or rather the wood, and finds it, he says, an expeditious and cheap way of seeing the world. This M. Dornon, who some little time ago accomplished the wonderful tour from Paris to Moscow on stilts, started some days since from his native town, and intends to reach Toulon, travelling in the same long-legged manner, in time for the festivities to be held at that port in honour of the arrival of the Russian Squadron.



"Become Mrs. Poltimore and the mistress of Beaufort House."

responsibilities of that enviable estate. To little Miss Scott their wedding-day was a day of tears. She wept over the bride in the morning, sobbed her way through the ceremony at midday, and smiled through wet eyes to see Mr. Poltimore almost smothered in the congratulations of his friends.

When the bride had departed and the guests dispersed she went daintily picking her way upon the rice-strewn pavement. But at her door she paused. The day had tired her, and the garden looked invitingly refreshing and sweet. By the gate lay a white satin slipper which had missed its mark. She crossed, walked down the path, and sat resting upon the seat.

Mr. Poltimore followed her. He also wanted rest.

"I came away from the solitude," he said.

"I came for a breath of fresh air before—my cup of tea," she confessed.

"My dear lady, you mention a want I felt but could not formulate."

"Then come along," she gaily replied.

By the gate his eye glanced at the opposite block of buildings. "How would you like to sell your houses in the Gardens?" he asked. "They will never be worth more."

"Oh, I think not," she pleaded.

She led the way upstairs, and they sat opposite each other, with the smallest of round tables between. He was leaning forward, cup in one hand, saucer held beneath it in the other. And as he sipped his tea the gold chain clicked against the saucer.

"We have been neighbours many years, my dear Miss Scott," he said gravely. "And I hope we respect each other. I have always entertained for you the deepest regard. And here we are, both alone, with only this little street between us—only a step. Now, my dear lady, take this step: become Mrs. Poltimore and the mistress of Beaufort House."

THE LATE FORD MADOX BROWN.



Photo by W. Pae, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
FORD MADOX BROWN.

It is good news to hear that Mr. Holman Hunt is busily engaged on a "History of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement," for until its appearance all discussion of the parts played by the distinguished artists designated Pre-Raphaelites may well be postponed. The death of Ford Madox Brown on Oct. 6, at the age of seventy-two, has failed to ruffle the lake of argument, which used to be so troubled by every wind of doctrine. He was the grandson of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who was the founder of the Brunonian theory of medicine, and spent his early years on the Continent. His first exhibition in England was in connection with the Westminster Hall cartoons, in which, it will be remembered, Sir John Tenniel's genius was proven. Ford Madox Brown was unsuccessful in this competition, and went for further study to Italy. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a pupil of his, upon whom his influence was reflex. To that interesting effusion, the *Germ*, he contributed. Some day, perhaps, we may have a complete history of the *Germ* and its famous staff; such a story would be very valuable to those who wish to understand this period of art. In 1849 Ford Madox Brown's pictures entitled "King Lear" and "The Young Mother" attracted much attention, and two years later "Chaucer," reciting his poetry at the court of Edward III., was a success at the Royal Academy. In 1852 that fine work, "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," was a feature of the Royal Academy, and has often since been exhibited in Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere. In 1865 there was held in London a collection of his pictures, including "Work," which won the admiration of such diverse critics as Carlyle and F. D. Maurice. Another picture shown at this exhibition was that called "The Last of England." It was in Manchester that Ford Madox Brown was content to spend his latter efforts, decorating in brilliant fashion the fine Town Hall. Not everybody in Cottonopolis could "live up to" these designs, which were characteristically original, and will always attract attention. Titles of subsequent works were "Cordelia's Portion" (which we reproduce), "The Entombment," "Jacopo Foscarini," and "Cromwell." The last-named painting represented the Protector dictating his eloquent protest to the Duke of Savoy. The son of this distinguished painter, Oliver, died in 1874, was an artist of great promise, as well as a writer of fiction.

Although he was not one who courted popularity, Ford Madox Brown gained a large circle of friends who bestowed on him an enthusiastic regard, which was some compensation for the neglect of the Royal Academy to recognise his talent. In him has passed away a great artist and a kindly man. The address delivered by Mr. Moncure D. Conway at the graveside was a fit eulogy of Ford Madox Brown.



CORDELIA'S PORTION.—FORD MADOX BROWN.

Photo by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, Kensington.

"WALKING ALONE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA."

Some Snap-Shots by Gerald Grey, Bristol.

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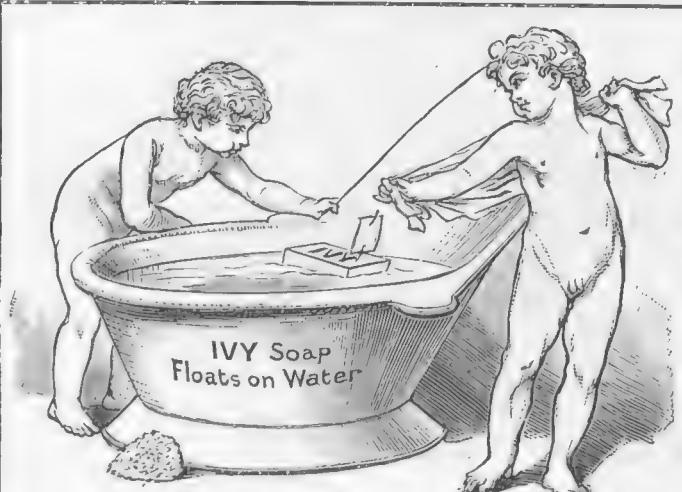


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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

I knew it would come. A large number of the leading Rugby clubs in England have now adopted the four three-quarter system. After the success of the Welsh clubs last season the adoption of the Welsh formation was almost inevitable. Both Blackheath and London Scottish have taken to the new style with immense success, while a number of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other northern clubs are already beginning to find out the value of the new system. With practice, the Welsh style of play will come more and more into favour, for not only is it productive of more scientific play, but as a spectacle it is incomparably superior to the old style of tight scrimmages and individual play on the part of the three-quarter backs. Combination is now as essential a quality in the Rugby as in the Association game, and mere strength is to a large extent neutralised by scientific play. Every day brains are becoming a larger factor in the successful playing of the game.

The Welsh clubs appear to be going almost as strongly as ever. Arthur J. Gould, who is still the bright and shining light of Welsh football, appears to have lost none of his cunning, in spite of the fact that he reached his twenty-ninth year only last week. There has been considerable discussion over the transference of F. W. Cooper from Newport to Bradford. Naturally, the Welsh Union look with suspicion upon any attempt of Yorkshire or other English clubs to annex one of their best forwards.

Speaking of Bradford reminds me that they have at last begun to show something like their old form. It is sincerely to be hoped that their defeat of Wakefield will be the forerunner of many other victories in the Yorkshire Competition. At the present time, however, there is no mistaking the fact that Liversedge have proved themselves the most powerful club, and if they continue to meet with any luck at all it is difficult to see who is to depose them from their present premier position. Manningham are also going well, but, somehow, the critics hardly fancy that they will retain their present place. Halifax and Brighouse Rangers ought to improve their position, but Huddersfield have so much leeway to make up that their ease, like that of Bradford, almost seems hopeless.

In the Lancashire Competition, Salford, last year's champions, are not going so strongly as their supporters would like; nor, for that matter, are Swinton, who were so strongly fancied last season. Wigan look like a club that will take a lot of beating for first place; but, as far as one can see, the competition is as open yet as at the start. It was a surprising thing to see a team like Oldham beaten by Tyldesley, although it was only by the difference of a place kick.

We are going to see some strange surprises in the Football League this season. Sheffield United still maintain top place, and, though they are playing a great game, most of the critics are of opinion that they owe their position quite as much to the fact that they have played five out of the seven matches at home as to the superiority of their play. W. Hendry, who captains the team, has had a wonderfully successful career since he went to Sheffield three or four seasons ago. Before he joined the United club it was practically unheard of, but in three years it has come to the very front of Association football.

The recent visit of Sunderland to London caused an immense amount of interest, for, though the League champions have not been performing at all well in League matches, they are still able to give Londoners a lesson in the art of dribbling. The easy way in which they waltzed round Woolwich Arsenal and the powerful team of Casuals shows that football players in the south are a long way behind the northerners in the science of the game. So far as speed, weight, and dash are concerned—and these are by no means unimportant factors—the Casuals were superior to Sunderland, but the latter, as scientific exponents of the game, were streets in front of the Londoners. Some people imagine that football is played with the feet alone, but, as a matter of fact, heads, and whatever happens to be in them, are of more account than heels. And a good job, too!

The Everton club pay their players a higher rate of wages than any other club in the League, but with attendances of from twenty to thirty thousand every week they can afford to do this. I am told that Everton drew over £2000 in gate-money in September alone.

As an instance of British pluck, the following case will be hard to beat. J. D. Ross, one of the North End forwards, while playing against Bolton Wanderers, received a charge early in the game. The little man appeared stunned for a moment, and one of the spectators shouted out, "What's the matter, Jimmy?" Ross replied, "Oh, it's only my collarbone broken," and immediately resumed the game. He played a brilliant game right up to the end, and had much to do with his side

winning the match. At this point his medical adviser stepped in, and, much to the regret of Jimmy, ordered him to abstain from playing for some weeks.

The annual match between London and Sheffield takes place next Saturday. This is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of inter-city fixtures. The London team is, of course, composed of amateurs, but I am afraid they will not be so successful this season as last, when they beat the Blades at Leyton after a great game.

OLYMPIAN.

CYCLING.

The fall of the autumn leaf and cycling records invariably go together. I fancy I have said something like this before, but it will bear repeating. It is just as true this week as last, only more so. Everyone felt when the twelve hours' race for the Anchor Shield came on at Herne Hill that records were bound to go by the board, but I doubt whether the most sanguine cyclist imagined that they would be so thoroughly beaten. When one considers the nature of the weather—varying from drizzle to heavy showers nearly all day—it is surprising to find that records were broken at all.

On such a slippery track it was more likely that bones only would



be broken. Spills were frequent, but in spite of the fact that the men were travelling at the rate of over twenty miles an hour all day no one was seriously hurt. I should think there was not a man on the track on Saturday who did not fall at least once, and most of those who finished the race came a "cropper" time and again. Linton, the Cardiff crack, was a special sufferer in this respect, as he had at least four nasty spills.

Just after Linton narrowly escaped breaking his neck he broke the hundred miles British record by over nine minutes and the Fincach record by six and a-half minutes. From 106 miles to 152 Schwemmer swept all the records into smithereens. At 154 Wridgeway took the lead, and, forcing the pace, he looked like running away from the field when he was brought to a sudden stop by smashing up against a slow pacemaker. It required much persuasion on the part of Wridgeway's friends to get him to remount, but he was prevailed upon to come out again after an interval of eight minutes. It was probably this involuntary rest that enabled Wridgeway ultimately to win. From this point he rapidly overhauled the leaders, and finished with a world's record of 240 miles 690 yards in twelve hours. Wridgeway, who is not yet out of his teens, belongs to the Bath Road Club, and has for some time been known as a grand stayer. He has the satisfaction of knowing that, in addition to beating more records than I have space to mention, he is the first man that has ever been able to ride over twenty miles an hour for twelve consecutive hours. The following was the order of the first dozen—

	Miles.	Yds.		Miles.	Yds.
1. Wridgeway, Bath Road	240	690	7. Knight, Borough Poly	203	30
2. Horton, Catford	238	625	8. Lacaille, Glasgow N. & L.C.	204	15.0
3. Linton, Cardiff	231	420	9. Norfolk, Dover Road	203	12.0
4. Fowler, Catford	232	680	10. Polchampton, Ameley	202	870
5. Southwell, Notts Corinthians	217	1500	11. Gomme, Mid-Surrey	201	750
6. Law, Star and Mitre	203	815	12. Swinhoe, Bath Road	199	380

Marlboro' tricycles score again. At Milan, the other day, M. Echaleic covered ten kilomètres in 15 min. 39 sec., which is a world's record for that type of machine.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Lord Dunraven is the lion of the hour. His Lordship is fifty-two years of age; although he looks much younger. Lord Dunraven has in his day been a useful newspaper correspondent, and, as is well known, he is a perfect platform orator. His Lordship has engaged actively in yacht racing since 1888, and, it is needless to add, the doings of the Valkyrie have brought his name into prominence of late. Lord Dunraven has for twelve years owned racehorses; his partner during the greater part of this time has been Lord Randolph Churchill, who has been responsible for their placing. Perhaps, the best animal owned by the partners was L'Abbesse de Jouarre, who won the Oaks and the Manchester Cup. Lord Dunraven's trainer is Robert Sherwood, sen., who is the finest man in Newmarket. Just now Robert weighs eighteen stone if he does a pound; yet he, forty years ago, rode



LORD DUNRAVEN.

Wild Dayrell to victory in the Derby. Mr. Sherwood is a good judge of the fitness of racehorses, and, if left alone in his work, he generally does justice to his employers. It was he who prepared St. Gatien and Florence for the races which they won, and I daresay Mr. Jack Hammond is sorry that he ever left the St. Gatien House stable. A similar remark may be applied to Colonel North, who has had a disastrous season. Lord Dunraven, by-the-bye, does not now take an active interest in horse-racing; and it may be said he confines his attention almost entirely to yachting.

The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, prove to be the best speculating medium of the year, and it is just on the cards that the race may result in a big surprise. Of course, book followers will pin their faith to such as Cuttlestone and Raeburn, and it must be admitted that the three-year-olds are a sunshiny lot this season. All the same, I think the Cambridgeshire may be won by Castleblaney, who is having a capital preparation. The horse is trained by M'Kenna at Woodyates, William Day's old place down in Wiltshire. Mr. M'Kenna came from Ireland some few years back. Formerly he rode several winners at the Irish meetings, and he certainly is a capital judge of horses. He exercises the greatest patience in the training of them. He once told me that Eskeyeke was a fearful-tempered brute when he first got him, but Mr. M'Kenna cured the animal's sulkiness by kindness, and ultimately won several races with the rascal.

Complaints are heard on all sides of the exorbitant charges made everywhere to racing men. The Ring is in a state of bankruptcy, if we except half-a-dozen big operators, while the race-going crowd can hardly meet its daily expenses. It is estimated by a very sound authority that quite a quarter of a million of money is extracted from race-goers every year to pay hotel-keepers, railway dividends, Ring charges, &c. A small percentage of this amount only finds its way back to Tattersall's Ring, and the consequence is the river has almost run itself dry. At the lowest estimate, a man cannot go racing at a less expenditure than £10 per week, while many spend £100 a week. True, several members of Tattersall's Ring, who are not in a position to-day to lay their fingers on £1000 ready cash, have brought the misfortune on themselves through wholesale extravagance. All the same, the system which compels a little punter to pay away, say, £10 each week before he gets to work for himself is a bad one.

Hunters' flat races have become very unpopular, so much so, in fact, that several of the leading sporting writers decline to give selections for them. I really do think that professionals should be allowed to ride in hunters' flat races. This plan would get rid of a deal of the peculiar form seen in these events. I also consider that any hurdle-racer should be allowed to run in a hunters' flat race, and that no qualification beyond running in a steeple-chase or hurdle race should be necessary. Of course, if the National Hunt so willed, professional riders could be made to carry an extra of, say, 5 lb. or 7 lb. in flat races; but I should prefer to see them allowed to ride on equal terms with the amateurs.

It is worthy of remark that the stables managed by amateurs have done badly this season. On the other hand, men like "Mr. Ellis," who

is best known as Mr. Morbey, the ex-jockey, has made a big fortune in a very short time by following the sport of kings. Mr. Morbey has an advantage over other owners, as he can ride his own animals in trials. This he does, and he is often on their backs at exercise. Mr. Morbey owns a large estate in the neighbourhood of Newmarket. He engages in farming, and up to now has been very successful, even in face of the general agricultural depression. He is a keen, calculating young man, highly respectable, and thoroughly honourable. Mr. Morbey won a big stake over the success of Red Eyes in the Cesarewitch, and the local charities will, I hear, benefit by the result.

Baron Hirsch has had a bad year at racing, but I am told the London charities will not suffer, as he intends to distribute a similar amount to that of 1892. I should much like to see the horses in Marsh's stable win oftener, but it may be that the change from Kingsclere to Newmarket did not suit many of them. John Porter, as I have stated many times before, does not attempt to get his horses fit until the end of May or beginning of June, whereas the Newmarket trainers like to see their charges begin running at Lincoln, and continue in training until the end of the Manchester November Meeting. Sometimes this plan works well in the case of four-year-olds, but when applied to horses of two or three years of age it does not always pay. A two-year-old should, in my opinion, not run before August, and he should not be entered in a mile race before October. It is very rare that a youngster is found like The Bard, who was successful in all his two-year-old races—sixteen, I believe—but he was well placed, and, although small, he was all wire and whipeord.

STAIRS'S MONKEY.

Last October, Dr. J. A. Moloney, one of the members of Stairs's Expedition, presented to the Zoological Society a young female monkey. It was obtained from the delta of the Zambesi River, and, though easily recognisable as belonging to the genus *Cercopithecus*, presented peculiarities that led Dr. Selater to rank it as a new species, under the name *C. staisi*, in honour of the leader of the expedition to Katanga. It was a gentle, playful little creature, but did not live long in confinement. The remarkable character in the coloration consisted of a chestnut-red patch in front of each ear. In June last the Society received another specimen—an old male, that had been kept for years in the open air in the north of London, and now occupies a compartment in the large cage at the end of the Monkey House nearest the main entrance to the Gardens. He is described by one of the keepers as a "niece" monkey—that is, a well-behaved creature, that gives little trouble. As the sole occupant of his dwelling, he cannot quarrel; he is not given to mischievous tricks, such as snatching off the *pince-nez* of any short-sighted person who may come too near the cage; still less would he behave like his neighbour, the Barbary ape, who lives opposite, and viciously scratch the hand that offers him some toothsome morsel. But he does not gambol; his playing days are over. Age sobers monkeys as well as men, and he generally sits sedately at the bottom, from time to time mounting the transverse bar to take the offerings of visitors, or to put his paw through the wires



to be caressed by those on friendly terms with him. But as he takes no liberties, so he suffers none, and those who wish to see what terrible weapons an old monkey has in his canine teeth should offer him a large nut—a walnut for choice, and, as he pushes it back between the last molars to get the better leverage for cracking it, there will stand out prominently four gleaming "ivories" that would not discredit a flesh-eating animal.

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THE FRENCH AND THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

The visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon, the great Mediterranean port of France, has given the "darned mounseer" an opportunity of effervescence which he loves so dearly. The Russian squadron, which is under the command of Admiral Avellan, consists of four armoured cruisers and one



THE RUSSIAN IRONCLAD PAMIAT AZOVA.

unarmoured cruiser. Of the armoured cruisers, the Admiral Nachimoff, the Nicolai I., the Dmitri Donskoi, and the Pamiat Azova, the last is, perhaps, the most interesting, from the fact that it was in it that the Czarevitch made his voyage round the world two years ago. The internal fittings in the ward-room and cabin of the vessel are perfect, and the suite of cabins for the commanding officer is very handsomely panelled with polished woods. In the place of honour hangs a painting by a clever artist of the Azov, after which the ship is named, hotly engaged with the Turkish fleet at Navarino. Here, also, are to be found the portraits of Peter the Great, who created the Russian navy, and of the present Czar. She has a speed of seventeen knots, and can carry coal for steaming 12,000 miles. As a matter of naval interest, however, the Admiral Nachimoff and the Nicolai I. would attract most attention. Each of them is built of steel, copper-sheathed. The Nicolai I. has a displacement of 8,440 tons, with an armour-belt 14 in. thick and armoured turret battery. Her guns consist of two 12-in., four 9-in., and eight 6-in. types, with ten



THE FORMIDABLE, FLAGSHIP OF THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

quick-firing guns and six torpedo-dischargers. The Admiral Nachimoff has not such heavy guns, but is of greater speed. The unarmoured cruiser is called the Rynda. The French vessel, the Hoche, has a displacement of 10,650 tons, while the Formidable is still greater, having a displacement of 11,910. Both are barbette ships.

The French have gone quite crazy over the visit of the squadron, not that it is a good representation of the Russian navy, but as an offset

to Germany. The greeting given to the visitors has been lavish, the State having given £15,000 to entertain them. We are told that a catalogue of all the presents collected for the sailors would be as wearisome as, and very much longer than, Homer's catalogue of the ships, and it is cynically suggested that Admiral Avellan will have to charter one or two merchant steamers to carry home all the offerings. Suffice it to say that these include a large consignment of sweet champagne, several hundred cases of blacking, a large quantity of mineral water, cigars and cigarettes galore, and a formidable array of flags—including a silk one from the ladies of France—works of art, and a splendidly bound album, containing the signatures of 1800 mayors of communes in the three Lorraine Departments, while the jewellery is enough to set up a firm in Bond Street. Madame Adam, who has taken a very active part in the fêtes, collected 2138 commemorative bracelets for the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of the Russian seamen, together with scarf-pins or brooches for the officers, crosses for the chaplains, and diamond ornaments for the ladies of Admiral Avellan's family.

The visit of the fleet has had its effect on trade. A jeweller, in the name of patriotism and with the support of the Press, has asked the Minister of the Interior to get every commune to contribute towards buying a model of the Eiffel Tower in brilliants to present to the Czar. He will let it go, he says, at a sacrifice, only asking £24,000 for it; but the plan is not taken up with enthusiasm. A toy manufacturer has launched a lantern to illuminate balconies and windows. It takes the shape of a head with two faces, one of which is a French soldier's and the other a mujik's. Buttonhole badges and other insignia represent in silk or enamel the French and Russian flags intertwined with the words "Cronstadt—Toulon." Franco-Russian cravats, breast-pins, black-and-yellow plumes for ladies' hats and bonnets, medals, trinkets, and children's toys have been manufactured for the fêtes.



THE HOCHE, FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

Naturally, there is a Franco-Russian puzzle. It takes this form: A French and a Russian sailor stand at the foot of the mast. They hold out their hands to join them in a friendly clasp. As they touch three flags representing the Triple Alliance, which float at the top, are furled up. This means that the Triple Alliance is now doomed to fall to pieces.

THE TWO RAREST STAMPS IN THE WORLD.

Philately has scored one of those records which make prosaic people open their eyes in wonder, for the well-known stamp-dealers, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons (Limited), have just paid £680—the highest price ever given for any two stamps—for the penny (red) and twopenny (blue) Mauritius stamps, issued in 1847. They were first acquired by Madame Dubois, of Bordeaux, having been found in a merchant's office there. Madame Dubois sold them to M. E. Lalanne in 1867. This latter gentleman has just sold his collection for 60,000f. (£2400) to M. Piet Latauderie, a well-known French collector, from whom Messrs. Stanley Gibbons have purchased the two stamps mentioned. As far as is known, only two other copies of these rarities exist in England—namely, in the Nation's Stamp Collection, bequeathed by Mr. Tapling, at the British Museum. The penny in that collection is obliterated, and the twopenny unused is not so fine a copy as the present. In the whole world only thirteen or fourteen copies of these stamps are known.



OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

On the principle of "better late than never," I now offer you, with my most humble apologies, the sketches of Liberty's new cape and frock, which should have had a place in these columns last week, but which



were, unfortunately, crowded out, though my reference to them was left in. I only hope that delay has increased, and not decreased, your interest in these latest productions of Liberty, and that the pleasures of anticipation will be fully equalled by realisation.

Just to jog your memory a little—though I hope it is not necessary—I will mention confidentially that the cape is of Liberty velveteen, with prettily embroidered shoulder frills, a band of embroidered velvet also bordering the front; while the collar, gauged yoke, and full fronts are of soft silk in a paler shade of the same colour. I can imagine this cape looking lovely in a warm shade of golden brown, the silk and the embroidery in tones of yellowish gold; or you might have sage-green and palest eau-de-Nil silk, but if you have it made of Liberty velveteen the colour is sure to be beautiful.

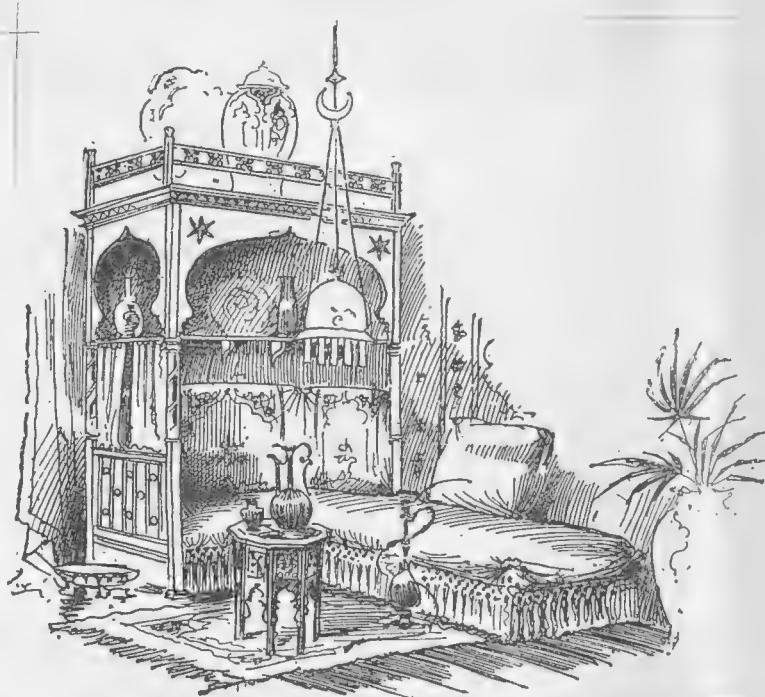


The quaint little costume is of sage-green Pashmin cloth, the full-pleated frill which edges the yoke and the plain cuffs being of Liberty velveteen in a darker shade. The little Puritan bonnet is of the cloth, turned back with velvet, and, altogether, the little damsel

depicted in the sketch is, to my thinking, so fascinating that she was well worth waiting for.

I have come to the conclusion that I am a very long-suffering person, for whenever any of my friends are engaged in the task of selecting furniture for their new homes, preparatory to embarking in the matrimonial lottery, my services are called into requisition, and I am dragged about from one place to the other, and expected to rave over things which I generally covet for myself. One day last week the usual thing happened, and I was carried off in an extremely bad temper; indeed, so sulky was I that I did not even deign to ask our ultimate destination, but awaited results in dignified silence. I was roused to some show of interest, however, when I found myself deposited in front of the premises extending from 151 to 155, Curtain Road, E.C., for the fame of Messrs. William Wallace and Co. had reached me from many quarters, and I at once had visions of obtaining interesting copy for you, while doing my duty nobly to my friend. Nor was I disappointed—virtue was its own reward—and I spent a most delightful and only too short morning, carrying away with me eventually three sketches, which will give you some little idea of the perfect and varied style of Messrs. Wallace's productions; while, as to the prices, I leave you to find them out for yourselves, well knowing that you will be most agreeably surprised.

What do you think, then, of the magnanimity of my friend, who arranged to let her future husband luxuriate in a smoking-room fitted with a Moorish corner, in the style of the one illustrated? The cosy corner seat is continued into a most luxurious couch, which, when the



curtains are drawn and all draughts relegated to a respectful distance, is a perfect dream of comfort. As to appearance, the whole effect is charming and eminently artistic, the colouring and materials used being purely Eastern. In fact, so delighted was I with it that I immediately decided that the idea was too good to be wasted on one man; hence the illustration, so that one and all of you may have a chance of sharing in its benefits.

Then there was a particularly pretty and, withal, useful hat-and-umbrella stand, delightfully different to the solid masses of ugliness with which the very name of those necessary articles used once to be associated. This one has a beaten iron hat-and-coat hook, and is fitted with a bevelled plate-glass mirror and a shelf for vases, the carved panels being particularly effective and ornamental. A seat is provided on the right-hand side, and under it is a box, which is wonderfully handy for holding brushes, gloves, &c., or, if you prefer it, you can use it as a rug chest. I have not often seen anything which pleased me better, it was so compact and convenient, and, withal, so ornamental; and as for my friend, she was in ecstasies at having secured it. The next thing I seized upon for illustration—somewhat to her disgust, though I could see that it flattered her vanity to have her selections so honoured—was a very handsome improved combination wardrobe in fumigated mahogany, with beautifully carved panels and bevelled plate-glass doors, the shape of which adds greatly to the effect. The drawers and the cupboard, which are of a really useful size, are fitted with quaintly pretty brass handles; and, though in my capacity as adviser I was disposed to be very critical, I could find nothing but praise both for the workmanship and finish as well as for the appearance.

When I did eventually get away I was somewhat exhausted; but I had regained my good temper, and the result of my morning's

[Continued on page 645.]

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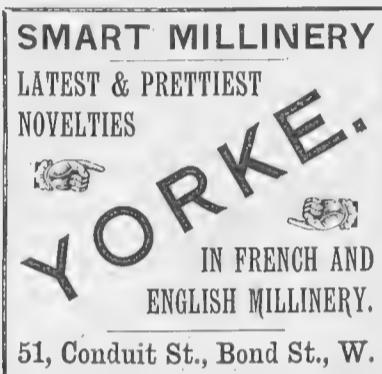
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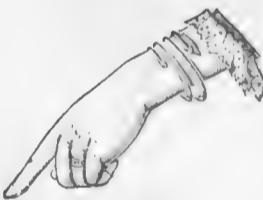
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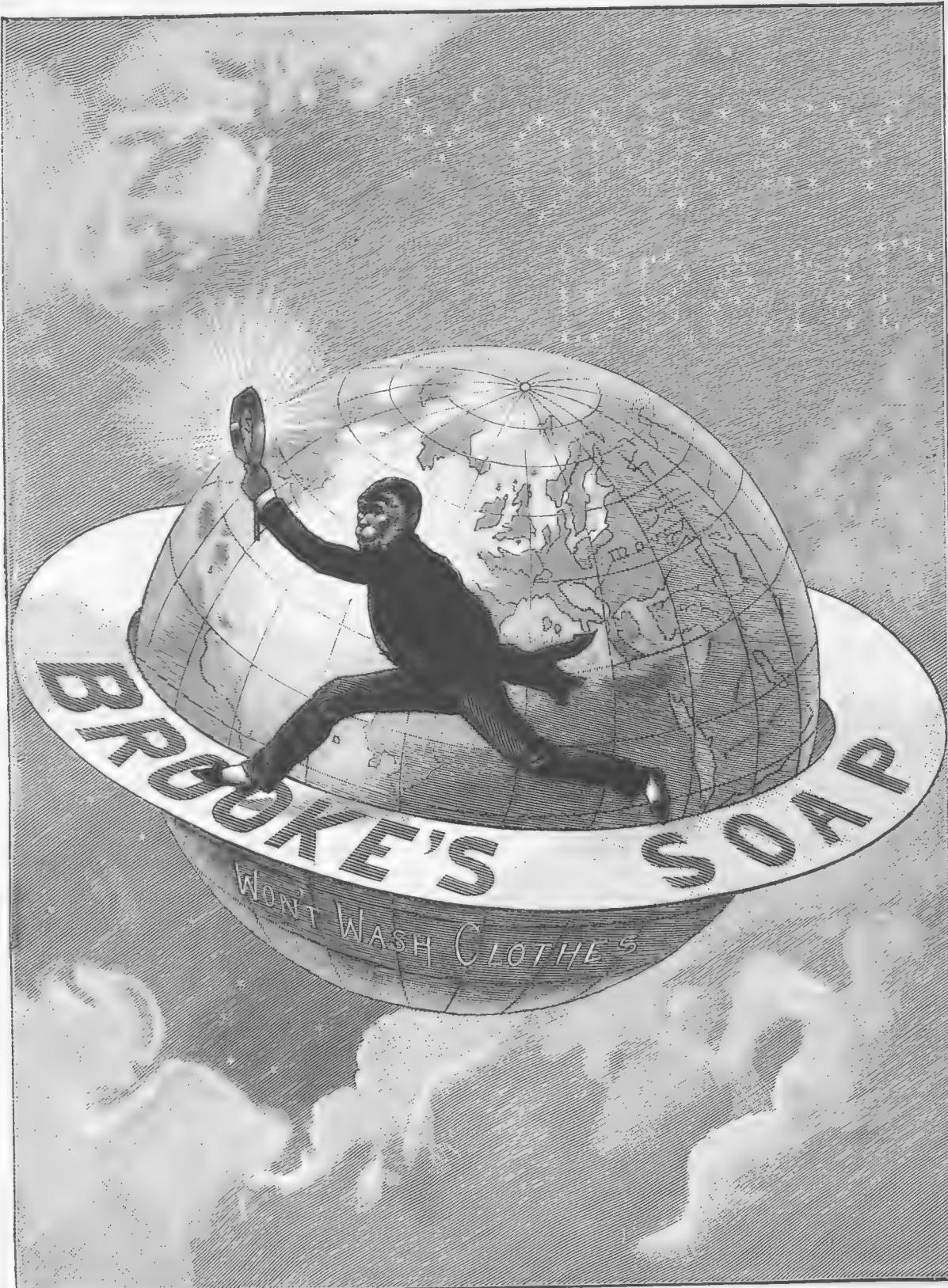
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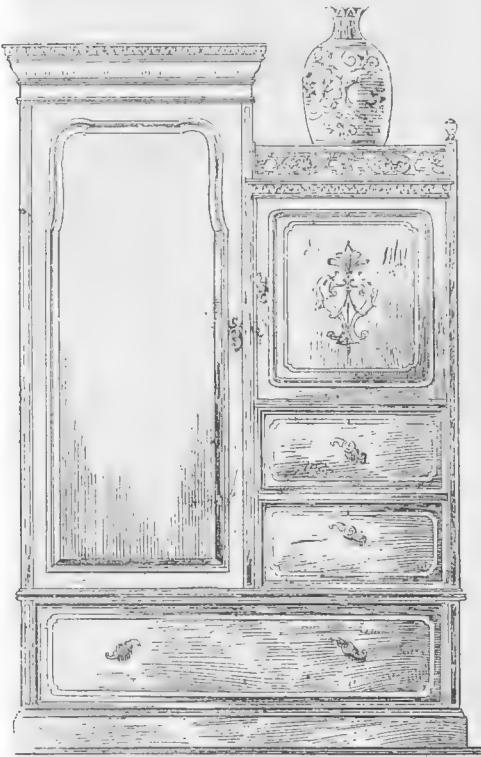
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investigations was that my cordial advice to those about to marry is—not *Punch's* famous “Don't”—but do, and go to Wallace's for your furniture. You can get a splendidly illustrated and most comprehensive catalogue to start with, and so obtain an idea of the prices, which are varied enough to suit all purses, as you will see when I tell you that

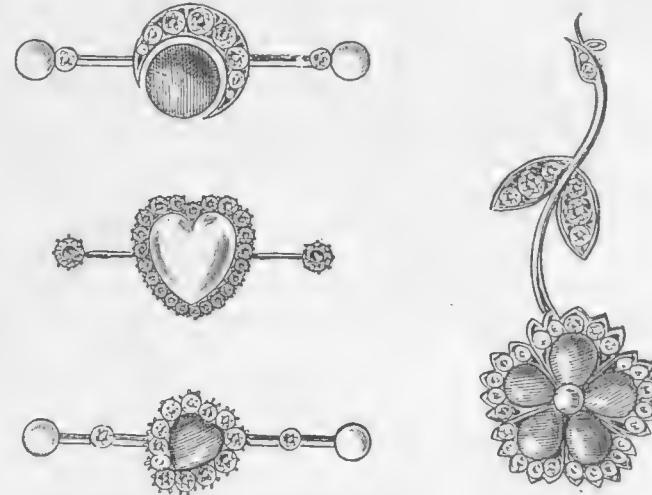
Messrs. Wallace and Co.'s estimates for complete house furnishing range from £100 to £1000. Those of you who live in the country will also be glad to hear that carriage is paid on all goods to any station in the United Kingdom.



and beautiful things—at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, and it took the form of an exquisite, golden-hued stone, by name the golden cornelian, and as soon as I saw it I realised that the erstwhile most popular chrysoprase would be forced to abdicate in its favour. In conjunction with either diamonds or pearls the new stone looks equally beautiful, and it has the additional and very important recommendation of being by no means expensive. It is used for some charming examples of the heart-shaped jewellery which is so popular for wedding and bridesmaids' gifts; there are double hearts of the cornelian, bordered with pearls or diamonds, and entwined with true-lovers' knots; single hearts on gold bar brooches, with a single diamond at each end; a cornelian encircled by a half-crescent of diamonds; the daintiest of wee flowers, the petals formed of the cornelian, bordered with small but brilliant diamonds, the leaves being of the same flashing stones—in fact, any and every design that ingenuity can devise and art in perfection carry out. Plain cornelian sleeve-links mounted in gold are the acme of good taste, besides being wonderfully pretty and dainty, so if any of you want to make your lord and master a novel present you can select a pair at once, with the certain knowledge that he will be delighted with them.

Now, for your own special edification, and in order that, should a birthday or anniversary be falling due, you may be able to give a gentle but forcible hint as to the kind of present you would like by merely referring to these pages, I have got a few sketches for you of some of the newest designs in the golden cornelian and pearls or diamonds. You cannot appreciate their beauty to the full, however, until a personal inspection has revealed to you their exquisite delicacy of colouring, so I should like you to make a point of calling in at 112, Regent Street on purpose to see them. You will always be welcomed most courteously and not importuned to buy, though, for my part, I cannot imagine anyone with a single sovereign in his or her pocket going out from that most fascinating place without having become possessed of at least one of the lovely things which abound on every side. You can always tell the prices at a glance, for everything is marked in plain figures, and you will be surprised at their moderation. When you do go make a point of looking at a really superb suite of turquoise set in diamonds, the almost matchless stones of a perfect blue being the size of small eggs; while a lovely diamond brooch, which also demands attention, is

in the shape of a four-leaved shamrock, a lovely pearl being placed in the centre of each leaf. The diamond necklets, too, are wonderfully beautiful, and you can get some really lovely ones for fifty pounds, which are convertible into tiaras. Most of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' jewellery is thus cunningly contrived to form two or three

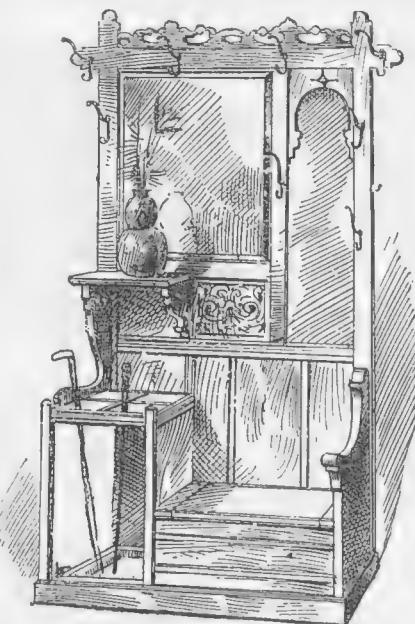


distinctly different ornaments, and the advantages of this arrangement are obvious. I can say no more, for if I attempted to describe a tenth part of what I saw my pen would run away with me, and I should still be writing this time next week; but I will end up by advising you to send for an illustrated catalogue (which will be forwarded post free), as a preliminary step to a personal visit.

FLORENCE.

FORTUNE-TELLING À LA CHINESE.

One of the interesting features of the Temple of China at the World's Fair is Professor Tong Li Hin, the famous fortune-teller. Professor Hin, according to a bulletin posted over his learned head, is qualified to give accurate information upon the following topics—1. When death will come. 2. Lucky or unlucky. 3. Successful in business or not. 4. Poor or rich. 5. Curable or incurable. 6. If successful in marriage and when. 7. Family or not. The Chinese method of fortune-telling possesses advantages over others in that it is simple and sure. Professor Hin is a solemn gentleman of impassive countenance, whose expression changes not as he interprets the book of fate. He wears iron-bound spectacles, the glasses being the size of an ordinary watch crystal. He is installed behind a plain wooden table, upon which are a vessel containing a score of flat sandal-wood sticks, about the size of a lead pencil, and the awful book in which the future is written in double rows from the top to the bottom of the mystic pages. He wears a silk cap, shaped like one of his native pagodas, and his venerable pig-tail trails upon the floor behind his chair, offering inducements which many a small boy has with difficulty resisted. Beside the Professor sits another Chinaman of more jovial appearance, acting as interpreter and business manager to the sage, who cannot speak English and despises money—the one in inverse ratio to the other. Before the assistant fortune-teller is a long strip of coupons, each valued at ten cents, and good for one interview with destiny. These coupons, upon being torn off and used, are put into a locked box, upon which incense is burning, lending to the situation an atmosphere of asthmatic Orientalism and mystery. When the venturesome one who would penetrate the future comes before Professor Hin, having previously paid ten cents to propitiate the gods—and the stockholders of the company—he is bidden to take six sticks separately from the vase and hand them to the fortune-teller. To take the six sticks at once would indicate that the mortal was rash and desired to rush upon his fate, a human characteristic that prejudices destiny against him and tends to make Professor Hin hasty—a process to which that gentleman has hereditary objections. Each of these six sandalwood sticks, drawn at random from the vase, is numbered, and the fortune-teller carefully records these numbers upon a slip of brown paper. Then the subject is asked to look at the bulletin above the Professor and decide which of the seven topics indicated he will have light upon. Obtaining this information, Professor Hin fearlessly opens the dread book, and, going through the motions of writing a laundry ticket, with the same ostensible results, upon the slip of brown paper, he hands it over to his assistant, who interprets it to its subject. There is no possibility of making a mistake in Professor Hin's method, because the numbers on the sticks correspond to pages in the book, and an error can only occur through gross carelessness, of which the Professor is incapable. There is an additional value to the destinies hidden in Professor Hin's book: it contains no evil future for anybody. The Professor averages about 150 fortunes a day, and, so far, they have all been good ones.



AN EMOTIONAL ROLE.

SHE: “Why were you so awkward and embarrassed when you proposed to me?”

HE: “Oh, I was trying not to look so cocksure of being accepted as I felt.”—*Life.*

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

The features of the past week in Capel Court have not been very striking, while the account just concluded has been one of the smallest the Stock Exchange has known, even in these times of stagnation. The truth is that matters have practically come to a standstill in things financial, for, not only does the public hold aloof from speculation, but hardly cares to look on at the game.

Money has been cheap, and the banks which on Wednesday began by asking $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for fortnightly advances, came down to offering money at $1\frac{3}{4}$ before the day was over, and we heard of some business being done at even lower rates—in fact, the account was so small and money so plentiful that the borrowers commanded the position.

High-class investment stocks command some attention, and of late the public with money have shown a capacity to absorb the better class of colonial bonds and stock, while the official quotations of many of the corporation loans are merely nominal, for during the week we were unable to buy South Melbourne, Wellington, or Christchurch bonds, although our clients would in each case have paid a pound, or even two pounds, over the market figure; and, in the case of the first-named loan, a simple inquiry on our part induced the jobbers to mark up the stock $2\frac{1}{2}$ without leading to any business.

The approaching end of the coal strike has made the home railway market a little more hopeful, although a decrease of £57,621 is shown by the Midland and £33,649 by the London and North-Western. No doubt, if the coalowners and the miners make up their differences, a good bit of lost ground may yet be recovered, but we fully expect the net earnings of the trunk lines will, however soon this unfortunate dispute comes to an end, show a net loss of three-quarters of a million for the current half-year. The feature of the settlement was the slump in Brighton A, caused by the sudden change from a "backwardation" of $\frac{1}{2}$ on Wednesday morning to a contango of 3-8 before the evening, which gave the bears fresh courage and induced a crop of rumours.

American Rails have not been happy, and the making-up price of Louisvilles show a heavy decline during the account. The papers are crammed with stories from Washington of various compromises over the Sherman Repeal Bill, but as this is part of the silver men's stock-in-trade, you must not take all you read too seriously, dear Sir. Every day's delay is causing great mischief to the American market, of which people on this side are now completely sick, and unless the burning question of an honest or dishonest dollar is soon settled, the market in New York must not expect much help from this side.

Affairs in the Argentine really look as if there was at last room for hope. The Government has been victorious all along the line, and the gold premium—despite a spasm or two—has shown, and still shows, every tendency to come down, besides which the resolution of the Ministry to confirm the Rothschild settlement and to withdraw paper money is a healthy and encouraging sign. It is said that the Italian Government has obtained financial assistance from Berlin to the extent of forty million lira, while there is probably little doubt that the artful Russian intends to take advantage of the wild enthusiasm of the extraordinary beings who make up the French nation to dispose of so much of his 4 per cent. stock as they can be induced to buy. Perhaps, after all, it is better that the French peasant should lend his hard-earned savings to that friend of liberty, the Czar, than pour it into Panama.

Among financial companies the past week has brought us a long circular from the Industrial and General Trust, proposing a scheme of reorganisation. Mr. L. Salomons has retired from the board, which will cause no regret to the shareholders; and from the secretary's statement it seems evident that the directors are divided as to the necessity for such drastic measures. No doubt, the meeting on Oct. 23 will be by no means the usual tame affair, and we shall be treated to some lively scenes; but in the end—so foolish are the general body of shareholders—the majority of the board will probably carry their resolutions, and successfully cover up their past sins. Need we say, dear Sir, that three-quarters of the reconstruction schemes which see the light are devised and produced for no other purpose than to whitewash directors, whose misdeeds would not infrequently land them in personal responsibility if the reconstruction business were not devised as a means of escape.

When, in 1890, the Legislature passed, almost without discussion, a Gaming Act, the intention of which was to prevent bookmakers recovering money by representing themselves as commission agents, no one realised that the result of such legislation would be to prevent the recovery of Stock Exchange differences, and yet so it is. Until quite lately, if the account was admitted, it was usual to give the broker summary judgment, and the matter was disposed of; but under the now recognised practice of the Law Courts the client has only to swear that the transaction was a speculation, and he is given leave to defend with all the delay and expense which such an order entails. As yet no decision has been obtained as to whether the Act will be a final bar to the collection of Stock Exchange accounts, but the general opinion is that, if the broker knew the account was a speculative one, he will be unable to obtain any help from the law, and that the dishonest client will be able to smile at his victim without even the social disadvantages which attach to a defaulter on the Turf. You can imagine what an unpleasant revelation this has been to the House brokers.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

ALL ABROAD.

An Electoral Reform Bill has been introduced in the Austrian Reichsrath. It practically concedes universal suffrage, the principle of it being to extend the franchise to all who fulfil their duties towards the State in a constitutional manner. By it a vote will be given to all those who have passed through the elementary schools, to time-expired soldiers who served in the ranks in time of war, and to all having a sufficient knowledge of one of the national languages, and who can prove six months' residence in their localities.

The Government have introduced the measure in order to get a working majority. Count Taafe's successor would get on better, for the Reichsrath is too much split up into groups. By having a wider constituency it is believed that a more homogeneous Chamber may be secured.

A memorial to Emperor William the First is to be unveiled to-day at Bremen.

Another of the few remaining Paladins of the old Emperor has passed away in the person of General von Kameke, ex-Prussian Minister of War. He was in his seventy-sixth year.

A young lieutenant in a Bavarian line regiment has been acquitted, after a long trial, of the charge of having propagated Social Democratic theories among his men.

The Jura-Simplon tunnel is likely to be begun at last. The work has to be done in five and a-half years, and the cost will be about £2,180,000. The tunnel will be twelve miles long.

A honeymoon in a balloon is surely an innovation which, judging from the experience of an Italian aéronaut who started with his bride to make a journey across the Alps, is not likely to be imitated. Something, however, went wrong with the works, and the balloon descended to the earth north of Turin with such velocity that the bridegroom was killed and the bride very seriously injured.

The sensation of Copenhagen for the moment is a Baron who recently married a pretty Hungarian circus rider. He goes about accompanied by wolves, two monkeys, a wonderfully tame and trained lion, and a Herculean negro.

The Sultan has become scared by the cholera, for, on his own initiative, he has assigned a special fund of 700,000 francs for the erection in the Hedjaz of a hospital and buildings in which six thousand poor pilgrims, without distinction as to nationality, will be able to get shelter, food, and medical treatment. He will support the place at his own cost.

The latest news from America with regard to the chances of the Silver Repeal Bill is not very encouraging. The Senate concluded a thirty-nine hours' sitting on Friday morning.

The revolution in Argentina is over for the time. The National party has been reorganised by the son of the President.

Admiral de Mello is lavish in his issue of ammunition, for he alternately bombards Rio and makes a manifesto. In his latest proclamation he repeats that his only object is to restore peace to the country, and to liberate the people, "who have been subjugated and sacrificed by the iron hand of tyranny, and by the inconceivable want of patriotism and reckless ambition of the chief of the Government." But the President declares that if the general election to Congress, which comes off on Monday week, be unfavourable to him, he will know how to respect the will of the country. At Rio Grande do Sol, meantime, the insurgents have defeated the Government forces with a loss of 200 men.

If, as has been stated, the Moors who have attacked the Spanish forts at Melilla with such ferocity are of the stock of the Berbers, they have for centuries been as little tolerant of the control of the Sidi, or Emperor of Morocco, as of the encroachment of their Christian foes. Some of the Berbers of the Atlas claim partial descent from the Vandals.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the chief of the great Berber tribe of Beni Mozarg, the chivalrous and courageous Casbin-el-Sabah, the Lion of the Atlas—whom tradition avers was as fair as the daughter of his ancestor, the great Genseric—for years resisted the tyranny of the Moorish Emperor Muley Ismael. His ambition was to heal the feuds of the various Berber tribes, and then to drive the Moors of the plains out of the kingdom. Though Casbin the Lion, on the one hand, never accomplished his purpose, the Emperors of Morocco, on the other, have never subdued the Berber spirit of independence, and the Spaniards may have a hard struggle to regain the ground lost in their recent encounter.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

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Oct. 18, 1893.

Signature

ART AND ACTUALITY.

THE SKETCH

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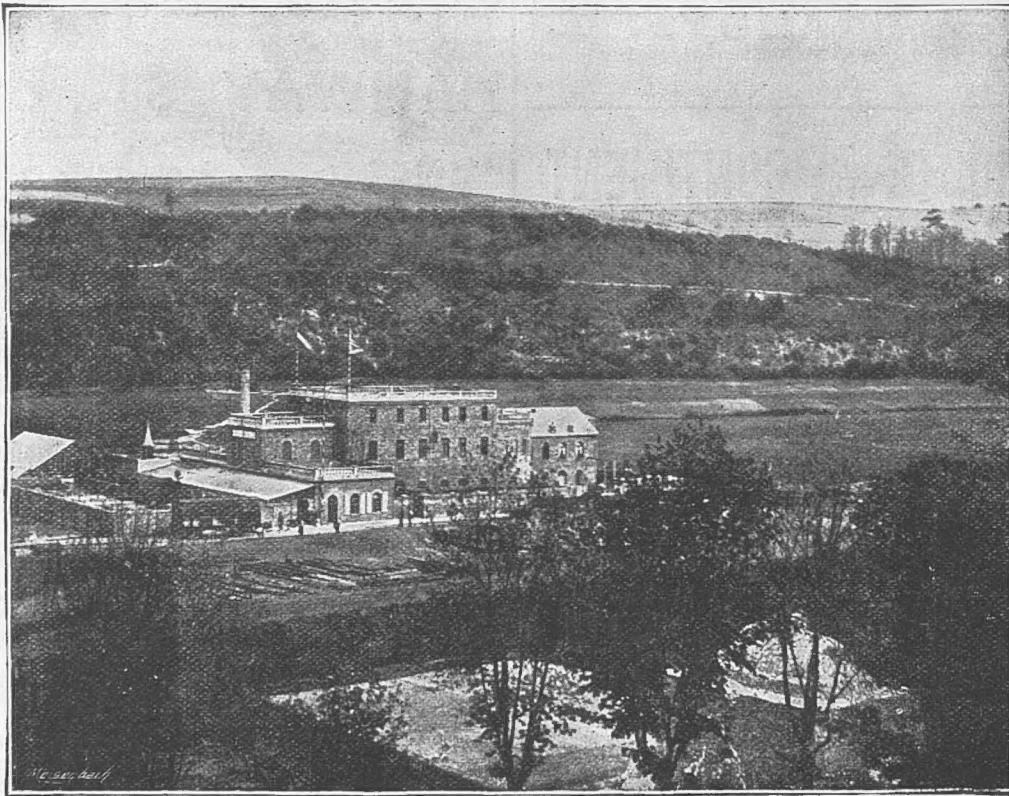
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